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No. 1,256—VOL. XLIX.]

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 25, 1879.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS \$1.00.]



NEW YORK.—SUMMER LIFE AT NIAGARA FALLS.—SCENE IN THE LADIES' DRESSING-ROOM.—A BRIDE ARRAYED FOR A TRIP UNDER THE FALLS.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 127.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
NEW YORK, OCTOBER 25, 1879.

CAUTION.

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THE LESSON OF POLITICAL DISCONTENT.

THE sacred historian informs us that in the days of the Hebrew monarchy the children of Issachar "were men who had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do," and it is added, as significant of the political influence which resulted from their political sagacity, that though the heads of the tribe were only two hundred in number, they had all their brethren "at their commandment." The scheme of politics devised at any given epoch or in any given land is always and everywhere an attempt on the part of real or assumed popular leaders to project a line of conduct which shall be best calculated to promote the welfare of the State. And this line of conduct will be projected with more or less skill according to the degree of intelligence which shall be brought to a solution of the political problems that are inherent in the situation, and will command the public approval according to the degree in which it answers the felt wants of the people.

Wherever the people fall away from exalting political organizations it is a sign that the leaders and exponents of these organizations have failed to include all the facts in their analyses and synthesis of the political situation. We have frequently referred to the existence of the Greenback organization as "a sign of the times" through which our country is passing in the present confused state of public opinion on many outstanding questions of currency and of political economy. We remember some years ago to have read a critical essay in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which the presence of brigandage in Southern Italy and in Sicily was treated as the expression and outgrowth of a political discontent still harbored in the minds of that portion of the Italian people who were dissatisfied with the overthrow of King Bomba and with the succession of Victor Emmanuel in his place. Whatever may have been the real state of the facts in this particular case, it is certain, as a general proposition, that the existence of many parties in any community is at once a mark of unrest in the people and a mark of unwisdom in most of their leaders. It was so in Florence when, after the triumphs of the Guelphs over the Ghibellines, the former were seen to divide into the *Bianchi* and the *Neri*, until in the end all sense of political concert and community was merged in a struggle of petty factions, as purposeless and futile as the "wars of kites and crows," to use the comparison of Milton when writing about the aimless feuds of the old Saxon Heptarchy.

We recur to this subject to-day because it seems to us the most significant feature in the age and body of the times now passing before the eyes of our political prophets, and most of these prophets seem to have a very slight perception of the fact which it concerns them so deeply to understand if they are to have "understanding of their times," and if they are to have their brethren "at their commandment." And we recur to the subject with only the greater satisfaction to-day, because we are able to re-enforce our opinion in the matter by citing the corroborative judgment of an intelligent contemporary which, notwithstanding a slight dash of cynicism in its political comments, honestly strives, we believe, to take a broader and deeper view of the facts than is always comfortable to the thick-and-thin partisan of any particular school. We refer to the *New York Nation*, which, in a recent number, justly characterizes the Greenback party as "the party of discontent." That it represents some deeper feeling than the insensate aspiration for "more paper money," is argued by the *Nation* from the fact that the "Greenback movement," so called, is not visibly "dying out under the influence of specie payments and of returning prosperity." It adds:

"The name Greenbacker is a mere accident. The discontent may next year take another name, but it will continue. Many Republicans seem to take comfort in the fact that it now and then, as in Massachusetts and Maine, swallows up the Democratic Party, but we do not see how this mends matters."

The 110,000 who voted for Butler last year have to be met and overcome under the name of Butlerites as well as under the name of Democrats."

We think the *Nation* makes a correct analysis of the political situation when it holds that the Greenback Party represents "not simply a particular financial heresy, but a loss of interest in the questions by which the two great parties have been divided since 1856; an unwillingness to accept the new issues got up in Congress between the Brigadiers and the Stalwarts; and, finally, a widespread desire to discuss some mode of improving the condition of the working classes, including the struggling farmers, through legislation."

In this view it is a matter of prime importance that the leaders of the two historical parties of the country should abjure all factitious issues and betake themselves at once to a solution of the real issues which are stirring in the bosoms of the people. When men are found running after such blind guides as Kearney, it is plain that even an ignorant agitator may secure a following by the mere fact of talking, with whatever of folly and inconsequence, on questions in which the common people feel a deep interest. To suppose that the people will refuse to listen to words of truth and soberness on these same topics is to despair of free elections and of popular government. But the people will not accept even sound doctrine on questions of property and labor and money if these questions are degraded from their real pre-eminence among the living issues of this living age. These questions are felt by the unerring instinct of the popular masses to be the impending questions of the hour, and the party which subordinates them to the disputatious politics of the "brigadiers" and the "stalwarts" can count on nothing better than the half-hearted adhesion of the public. It is necessary that statesmen should have intelligence enough to form right opinions on questions of public policy, and that then they should have the courage of their opinions. Party leaders are betrayed by their ignorance of the times; but much more are they betrayed by the cowardice which refrains from speaking the right word in the right season, from a craven fear of its immediate popular effect.

THE BRITISH IN AFGHANISTAN.

THE situation in Afghanistan is still critical. The army of General Roberts, escaping from the trap in Shutargardan Pass, on October 6th, encountered a large force of Afghans ten miles from Cabul, and, after heavy fighting, carried their position, capturing a number of guns and dispersing the enemy. The British loss is reported at eighty killed and wounded. Possibly Cabul is by this time in the hands of the British, General Roberts at last accounts being engaged with the enemy in front of the city. But the campaign will not end with the occupation of Cabul. The Cabinet has already decided that Afghanistan must be held militarily for some time to come, and this decision will involve the seizure and occupation, probably at considerable cost, of a number of points which have heretofore been considered as unimportant. Then, also, there appears to be a possibility of danger from the Russian expedition in Central Asia which is said to be aiming at Herat, the capital of Western Afghanistan and the key of India. Persia, which affords Russia the shortest and easiest route to India, is reported to have undertaken to provide the expedition with supplies; but this report lacks confirmation. It is also said that the English Home Government has ordered an Anglo-Indian corps to march immediately upon Herat, with Candahar as its base of operations. Simultaneously it is reported that the Czar has demanded assurances that this force shall not occupy Herat or the Radakshan Plateau. However this may be, it is certain that Russia's policy in the direction of India is fixed as the stars, and a collision with Great Britain, sooner or later, will be inevitable. The *Spectator* argues that it would be madness to attempt "to hold down by force and administer through Europeans a poverty-stricken hill-country, as large as France, and to defend its boundaries against all its neighbors," and thinks that the true course would be to abandon Cabul to its fate, and annex the kingdom of Candahar. It says:

"With Candahar up to the Helmund in their hands, and the city itself turned into a Metz, the Government of India cannot, indeed, rule Afghanistan, a task which it is their interest to avoid, but can deliver smashing blows at any part of Afghanistan which an enemy may attempt to cross, or threaten to cross. With an army sheltered in such a fortress, fed by the broad, fertile valley, and reinforced by a railway connecting it with Kurrachee, no enemy could by possibility approach the frontier from the Northwest. But annexation would be an insanity, a willful waste of resources of every description, such as would almost justify ordinary Englishmen in an organized refusal to pay taxes."

A writer in the *Examiner* agrees substantially with the view here stated as to the course which should hereafter be pursued. He says:

"One thing is certain—come what may, the reins of government cannot for the future be held at Cabul. The capital must be removed further from the fostering care of the Emperor of All the Russias and nearer the watchful eyes of our frontier officers. After stern reprisal and well-deserved punishment

has been meted out with no lenient hand, it must be placed, once for all, out of the power of Afghan or Russian again to violate the most sacred law of nations, and to insult our country and our flag."

It is plain that Beaconsfield has a problem on hand in this Afghanistan business which cannot be solved in a day; and he will be fortunate, indeed, if he shall finally so determine it as to secure "peace with honor."

COMPULSORY EDUCATION IN NEW YORK.

THE law enforcing attendance at school for a specified term during the year has now been in force in this State a sufficient length of time to enable us to form some opinion of its practical operations, its merits and defects, and the amendments necessary to render the measure thoroughly effective. It was scarcely to be expected that, in a community like ours, a very complete law could be passed in the beginning. The enactment seemed arbitrary, an infringement on personal liberty, and our legislators handled the subject with considerable caution. But the importance of popular education to all, and especially to the class that compulsory laws are designed to reach, is so great that all aversion to the system, it may be presumed, has by this time given way to active sympathy. We must have compulsory educational laws, and they must be made so thorough in their operations that complete illiteracy will be unknown.

With regard to the compulsory education law as it stands at present, it is undoubtedly exerting a very excellent influence. Its results, in the opinion of those whose official positions give them the best opportunities for forming a correct judgment, are most beneficial. Contrasted with the four years preceding its passage, the number of arrests of juvenile offenders, in this city, during the four years in which the law has been in operation, has fallen off about one-fourth. This calculation is made, too, without taking into account the increase of population or the causes which, of late years, have led to a rapid growth of crime. The result looks towards substituting the school for the penitentiary. The moral effect, also, among parents in the class from which the more inveterate specimens of truancy come has been very beneficial. Finding their children under the eye of the truant agents, and no longer permitted to look upon themselves as outcasts, they have been taught to think more kindly of the community of which they are members, and there have been known instances where the result has been found to work a positive reformation among those who previously were only drunken and disorderly. This fact offers a suggestion to the moralist which may aid him in his work of regenerating society.

But despite these and kindred benefits, the law is felt to be insufficient, and scarcely more than in its inception as a measure of public utility. In the first place the period of fourteen weeks, the limited term in which attendance on instruction is made obligatory, is too short. There is no good reason why the great majority of children should not be kept at school during the entire school year. Comparatively few are found to be working in factories, or engaged in any manual labor. The majority of children out of school are "dock rats" and the like; and the truant agents should be, at least, given discretionary power to enforce attendance so long as there is a vacant seat in the school-room. Were this the law, we might expect to see a still more signal decrease in the number of youthful criminals; but, as the case stands, many children attend school during the specified term only to secure unrestricted liberty during the remainder of the year. For reasons very patent to all, there should be no idle children on the street.

Another defect in the operations of the Act springs from the imperfections of the local machinery and methods for its enforcement. Here, in New York, the only penalty for truancy is commitment to the Orphan Asylum or to the Catholic Protectory; and a discharge from those institutions may be ordered, at any time, by the President of the Board of Education. This power, it is charged, is sometimes, on the solicitation of parents, abused to a degree that is demoralizing to the children, and offensive to the managers of both the Asylum and the Protectory. So mischievously, indeed, does this method of enforcing the Truancy Act work that commitments have become rare, so rare that, according to the statements of an officer of the Asylum, they were more common under the old law of 1833, a law by which police officers and constables were authorized to put vagrant children to school wherever found, than they are now. In Brooklyn, where they have a system of attendant schools and a Truant Home, the system works better than in New York; but even there it seems to be susceptible of improvement. The attendant schools appear to be altogether successful, showing a percentage of attendance on the part of truant pupils equal

to that of the highest of the grammar schools in the city. But the name of Truant Home, given to the boarding-school for the worst class of truants, is unfortunate. It savors too much of the character of an asylum, or of some house of correction for criminals; and the name should be made to conform more nearly to the designations in use in the public school system. At present it is needlessly offensive to parents.

There are other imperfections in the law and in the administration of the system which might be pointed out; but on a subject of so much importance it should only be necessary to call attention to the more striking errors to secure such a revision of the Act as experience has proved to be necessary. The law should be made more explicit in detail; the period in which a child may be kept at school should be limited only by the duration of the school term, and all chances for conflict of authority in administration should be removed. We must remember that the law has already shown that by extending the advantages of education we diminish the amount of crime, and, with this fact in view, no available means of perfecting the system should be neglected.

PROGRESS IN WEATHER SCIENCE.

THE progress in meteorological science and the application of meteorological knowledge to the service of mankind, is one of the conspicuous facts of the present century. And it may fairly be claimed that in this, as in many other scientific fields, the thinkers and workers of the United States lead the column. It was General Myer, of our Signal Service, for instance, who originated the system of international weather observations, which has proved of such immense service to the commercial countries, and which now, as we are told, is to be so extended in its scope that "Old Prob" hopes to be able to present every morning to every citizen of the Union a report of the condition of the weather all over the world. This will be done by "world weather charts," which, now issued monthly, it is proposed to issue every day, the same to be deducted from reports of observations taken simultaneously twice each day all over the globe, and telegraphed. The value of such reports to commerce can scarcely be over-estimated. In furtherance of the system, over 100 daily observations are made at sea in all parts of the world, by naval and other vessels of this and other countries, under the immediate direction of General Myer. The total number of observations now made daily on land and sea, is 557, extending around the world and including all the civilized powers north of the Equator, and several south of it. The facts as to the movement of storms from continent to continent, the movement of areas of high and low barometer, the conditions of the temperature and winds, the distribution and amount of rainfall, and other facts in climatology, thus gathered each day, are permanently recorded, and thus form a basis upon which deductions may be safely built and meteorological laws satisfactorily determined. We need not be surprised if, a little while hence, General Myer shall tell us every morning, as we linger over our coffee and toast, just what sort of weather will mark the day in Iceland, Africa, or "far Cathay," and whether umbrellas or sunshades will be needed on the boulevards of Paris and the streets of Melbourne.

EVENTS ABROAD.

FULLER returns as to the elections for the Prussian Diet show the result to have been more decisive in its confirmation of the authority of Bismarck than was at first supposed. The Liberals, who in the last House had a majority of nearly 80 over their combined opponents, have now lost over 110 seats to the Conservatives and Ultramontanes, and will have altogether only 170 votes, against 260 supporters of the Government. The Catholic Party having nearly 100 votes, they will be able to command the position in the event of a parliamentary conflict, and this fact will probably hasten the reconciliation of Bismarck with that element. It may be doubted, everything considered, whether the interests of genuine reform and real progress will be promoted by the defeat of the Liberals and the check which has been given to wholesome political tendencies in the German polity.

The agitation of the Irish land question grows in vehemence and intensity. The *Spectator*, speaking of the perturbation, says that "unless some popular, pressing wants as to more equitable conditions of tenure are satisfied, the consequences of the refusal or neglect are likely to be socially demoralizing, if not politically serious." In Tipperary 300 tenants have opened the campaign against the landlords by formally refusing to pay their rent, although in some cases a reduction of thirty per cent. was

offered them. The situation in some districts has become so serious that detachments of military are said to have been ordered to proceed to the scene. An appeal to the Irish in America has just been issued by some of the advanced Home Rulers, who set forth with a good deal of cogency the evils of the land system. The address solicits contributions of money to enable the "600,000 landless farmers" to effect a compact organization and fight the landlords, inch by inch. "The freedom of the Irish soil," it says, "is a task far above the influences of party movement. It has won the indorsement of public opinion. It will win the indorsement of Irish America; and Irish America will at last obtain for Ireland the possession of an unfettered soil." It is stated that Mr. Parnell may come to the United States in furtherance of the movement here outlined.

In his address at the opening of the Austrian Reichsrath, the Emperor urged economies in the administration, but as to the military bills, significantly said, "The monarchy must be enabled to assert its influence fully whenever events required it to protect its interests." The Emperor, in accepting Count Andrássy's resignation, said that he "by no means regards his retirement as the termination of his statesman-like labors. He is convinced that Andrássy will always be ready to obey the call should his well-earned services again be required."

Both China and Japan appear to be busily preparing for war, but no really hostile steps have yet been taken. Certain changes recently made in the Japanese Ministry are regarded as favorable to a more advanced national policy—the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, Inoue Jakoru, being one of the ablest and most liberal publicists of the Empire. In China, Li Hung Chang, the Premier, has established a hospital at Tientsin, under foreign guidance, which is largely patronized by the higher class of natives, and has so far violated national traditions as to employ a foreign physician in his own family—an example which can scarcely fail to produce salutary results.

There is some uneasiness in France in view of the somewhat defiant attitude of some of the returned Communists. On one or two public occasions recently, the crimes of the Commune were openly extolled, and movements are on foot looking to the election of representative Communists to seats now vacant in the Chamber of Deputies. It is regarded as somewhat significant that, while the Cabinet has resolved to oppose reopening the amnesty question, the organ of M. Gambetta favors the extension of pardon to all the exiled Communists.

The British Resident and staff have left Burmah, and the London *Examiner* says it has information that Lord Lytton has determined on a war with that country if possible. "The thin edge of the wedge has already been introduced in the usual way, by preferring an impossible demand with the certainty of a refusal. As Burmah is a country with resources other than scientific frontiers, its annexation might be profitable"; but the *Examiner* declares that "neither justice nor the true interests of the Empire would at present justify war."

The latest incident of the war in South America is the capture by the Chillians of the famous Peruvian ram *Huascar*. This ram has been the main reliance of the Peruvians, having sunk the *Esmeralda*, raised the blockade of Iquique, captured the transport *Rimac*, bombarded Antofagasta, and performed several lesser exploits. With the aid of this formidable vessel the Chillians will now be able to carry on a vigorous offensive warfare, and possibly terminate the war speedily in their favor.

The business prospect in Great Britain is becoming more hopeful. Mills which have been closed are resuming operations, and industrial conditions generally are adjusting themselves upon a more satisfactory basis. Two hundred and sixty farmers with their families sailed from Liverpool for Texas, October 9th.—Spain will send 4,000 troops to Cuba during the present month. The Committee of the Cortes on the abolition of slavery is divided into three parties: one favors immediate abolition without compensation to the owners; another party favors gradual abolition without compensation, and a third party favors gradual abolition with compensation.

THE TROUBLE WITH THE UTES.

THE relief of Captain Payne's beleaguered garrison on the Milk River battlefield, on the morning of October 2d, by Captain Dodge and forty men of the Ninth Cavalry, colored, formed a most dramatic picture. The colored troops fairly cut their way through a large Indian force, and so fierce was the fire that, while rushing on foot to Payne's hastily formed intrenchments and leading their horses by the bridle, they lost all but two of the animals. General Merritt, with his relief party, marched seventy-five miles in twenty-four hours, and reached the scene of the massacre on the 5th,

greatly surprised to find that the colored company had already arrived. Special praise is awarded to Captain Dodge and his colored troops for their promptness and determined valor. In the Indian Office the opinion is held that the outbreak was occasioned by the incessant raids into the Ute reservation of white miners who had discovered specimens of rich gold in the very centre of the tract, the Indians being provoked to warfare to preserve their rights under the treaty. Considerable stress is also laid upon the statements that the Utes became exasperated by the persistent attempts of Indian Agent Meeker to force the "improvements" of the white man upon them, endeavoring to sow the germs of civilization in their midst by means of systematic agriculture, when they as persistently objected to being civilized.

THE friends of the late Charles G. Rosenberg, a journalist and artist of this city, have undertaken to secure a collection of pictures to be sold for the benefit of his widow. The use of the rooms of the New York Press Club has been kindly offered for the reception and exhibition of the pictures, and it is hoped that the enterprise may result in a substantial provision for the relief of the bereaved and destitute wife.

THE London *Saturday Review*, commenting on the California election, says that "the new Governor, who was formally a Baptist minister, probably profited by the outrageous attempt of one of his opponents to murder him on the eve of his election." The ignorance which many eminent English journals display in discussing American affairs—of which this is a conspicuous example—would be amusing if it were not disgraceful.

THE people of Connecticut evidently have no fear of the evils of excessive legislation. They have just rejected by an overwhelming vote a proposed amendment to the Constitution, providing for biennial sessions of the Legislature. An amendment giving Judges of the Supreme Court life-terms experienced the same fate. There is something to be said on both sides of these questions; but in the country at large the popular feeling is becoming more and more favorable to the reform proposed in the first of these rejected amendments.

THE political campaign in the State of New York is already characterized by a good deal of vigor on both sides. So far the Republicans appear to make the largest show in the way of meetings, but the Democrats are evidently giving more close attention to systematic detail work, and it is that which produces the most satisfactory results in any general canvass. It is too early to predict intelligently the probable outcome of the struggle, but it is safe to say that principles will have very little to do, on either side, with the determination of the issue.

THE regular Democrats of Massachusetts, who object to being swallowed by General Butler, have nominated John Quincy Adams for Governor, and propose to brand as traitors all members of the party who fail to give him their support. Butler is making a vigorous canvass, but it is not believed that, with all his backing, he will be able to overcome the majority which defeated him last year. But his opponents should not be content with a mere majority; they should make the defeat of the arch agitator so overwhelming as to render him utterly powerless for the future.

In a speech at a Republican mass meeting in Brooklyn the other evening, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said:

"If men will not attend the primaries and see that their parties do not disappoint them, they can blame no one because they themselves neglect to take the step. If from indolence, preoccupation, prejudice, or any other reason, they do not care enough about affairs to bring them to pass by the natural way of creating a sentiment in the convention or party, they should at least have modesty enough not to attempt to overrule those who have taken the pains and have done this work."

This may seem like indorsing "the machine" in politics, but it is just and true, nevertheless. We shall never have government at its best until the best, purest and worthiest citizens shall give their attention generally to the duty of controlling the primary sources of political influence and authority.

It is the policy of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER to illustrate all events of public interest, and to make its columns a mirror of the actualities as well as the thought and spirit of the times. In the carrying out of this policy, we know no party, sect or section. It is our aim to be perfectly independent and impartial in everything, supporting whatever may be good and commendable in either of the great political parties, and condemning what is plainly wrong and vicious in both. As to public men and their acts, we strive to regard them in their relation to principles and ideas, and to treat them justly and intelligently, without any reference whatever to mere partisan considerations. Habitual readers of our columns will not need this statement to enable them to understand our position, and it is made not for them, but for the benefit of those who may not have been familiar with our general course.

THE increasing activity in business is clearly illustrated by the statements of the earnings of twenty-two Western Railroads during the month of September. As compared with the

earnings for the same month last year, the receipts for the month just closed show an increase of 20 per cent., the exact figures being \$9,876,960 as against \$8,220,901. The Chicago papers state that the business revival throughout the West is universal. In Chicago the money value of sales, this season, will exceed that of last year's sales by from 30 to 40 per cent. In Kansas City stores are let in advance before they are built, and large bonuses are offered to the holders of such leases. Denver, the centre of the vast interests seeking investment in Colorado, is represented to be fairly "dancing with prosperity." Other cities make similar reports, and it is quite evident that the tide of prosperity is everywhere gaining strength and volume.

In an address at Indianapolis, some days since, General Sherman commented sharply on the action of Congress in reducing the army. It was simply impossible, he said, to protect the frontier with the force at his disposal. "There are not more than 20,000 soldiers scattered over Colorado, Idaho, Arizona, Oregon and other points that need protection from predatory raids from the Indians," and these are scarcely sufficient for picket duty on the exposed frontier lines. The General expressed it as his solemn conviction that "if the border is to be protected so that the public domain may be improved and built up, then the army must be maintained at such a standard as can cope with the hostiles." There can be no doubt that, in the event of serious Indian troubles, the country would find good reasons in the impotence and misfortunes of the military for condemning the Congressional policy as to the army; but it is to be hoped that, with fair dealing and justice to all the tribes having cause for discontent, we may avert any formidable uprisings.

THE Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that the county of Allegheny is liable for all the damage done by the Pittsburgh mob in the railroad riots of 1877, and that suits can be brought and the amount of losses recovered by those who suffered. There can be no doubt as to the justice of this decision. The county and city authorities displayed a pusillanimity and impotence in the presence of the mob which was utterly inexcusable, while the populace manifested a sympathy with the prevalent incendiarism and lawlessness which justly provoked the condemnation of law-abiding citizens everywhere. If the community shall be now compelled to pay for the outrages it permitted, nothing more than strict justice will be done. It is estimated that the aggregate of losses, for which, under the decision just given, the county will be liable, amount to nearly \$5,000,000. It is possible that an effort will be made to compromise the matter, or obtain legislation for the relief of the municipality; but it is scarcely likely that the effort to saddle the bill upon the State, which failed at the last session of the Legislature, will be revived with any show of success. The court, in the course of its opinion, uses this language:

"We see no evidence of any serious attempt upon the part of the local authorities to suppress it. At the time of its commencement a feeble attempt was made by the Sheriff, resulting in the enrollment of some half dozen deputies. But there was no proclamation calling upon the body of the county to come to his assistance in preserving the peace. No one doubts at this day that if a proper effort had been made at the proper time the mob could have been held in check. The law will not tolerate the spectacle of a great city looking on with indifference while property to the value of millions is being destroyed by a mob."

THE injuries inflicted upon the business interests of the country by the rivalries and contentions of competing lines of railway, and their discriminations against certain classes of shippers, have very naturally drawn public attention to the subject of the regulation of inter-State commerce, and the necessity of the assertion by the State or nation of some sort of control over the corporations which have displayed such a reckless disregard of individual and public interests. Bills on the subject, introduced into Congress, have hitherto failed because of the conflict of views as to the jurisdiction of Congress, but the opinion is gaining ground that the evils can only be cured by a national law, and a vigorous effort will no doubt be made to secure the needed relief from that quarter. It is a gratifying fact that nearly all the great "railway kings" who have expressed themselves on the subject, manifest a disposition to have it intelligently decided in the interest of the public. President Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, thinks that the question of the Congressional regulation of inter-State commerce might properly be submitted to a commission acting on the part of the Government and the Board of Arbitration appointed by the trunk lines to adjust differences arising between themselves. "This joint Board," he says, "could confer with the officers of railways and other transportation companies, with the different commercial organizations, and with the representatives of the farming and other interests involved in the question, with a view of taking such action as would be fair and equitable to all parties." Mr. Vanderbilt, of the New York Central, and Mr. Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio, have expressed substantially similar views. Colonel Scott adds that, in his opinion, the results arrived at by the committees of conference, should be clinched by the enactment of the necessary local legislation in the several States which have created the railway corporations. Possibly this course, in the event that the power of Congress in the premises should be held to be doubtful, might be the proper one to pursue; but there could scarcely be that uniformity in the adjustment of the interests affected, under this plan, which could be secured by national legislation.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE attempt to re-establish the coal combination has proved a failure.

EIGHTEEN months will be required to complete the Brooklyn Bridge.

THE cotton crop reports for the month of September show that from 25 to 40 per cent. of the crop has been picked.

THE warm weather has caused a revival of the yellow fever epidemic in Memphis, but the deaths are not numerous.

THE sales of public lands belonging to the United States, during the last fiscal year, amounted to 8,650,000 acres.

FIFTEEN missionaries for India sailed from New York, October 11th, under the patronage of the American Baptist Union.

THE receiver of the Continental Life Insurance Company announces that he can pay policy-holders a dividend of fifteen per cent.

ROBERT W. STEELE, bookkeeper of Isaac Smith's Son & Co., of this city, has absconded, having defrauded the firm of \$60,000.

STATE TREASURER RENVORF of Georgia has been found not guilty of the charges made against him by the popular branch of the Legislature.

PRESIDENT HAYES reached his home in Ohio last week, and remained until October 14th, in order to cast his vote for the Republican State ticket.

THE Louisiana Democrats have nominated Lieutenant Governor L. A. Wilts, of New Orleans, for Governor, and S. D. McEnery for Lieutenant-Governor.

THE total attendance at the Cincinnati Exposition up to the hour of closing, on October 8th, was 358,000. It is thought the receipts will reach \$100,000.

THE council of the Centennial League of the United States has resolved to co-operate with the various committees to insure the holding of a World's Fair in 1883.

A CHICAGO and Alton Railroad train was stopped by highwaymen near Kansas City, Mo., October 8th, and robbed of \$6,000 in the hands of the express messenger.

RECENT dispatches from the Ute country encourage the belief that the women and children who were at the White River Agency with Mr. Meeker were not molested.

THE sub-committee to investigate the charges against Senator Ingalls have concluded their labors in Topeka, Kansas, and adjourned to meet in Washington on December 4th.

GOVERNOR WALLACE estimates the present population of New Mexico at 125,000. A large immigration is following the construction of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad.

THE Colorado election, October 7th, resulted in the election of the Republican candidate for Supreme Judge. The Republicans claim a majority of nearly 5,000, a gain of 2,000. A very light vote was polled.

THE walking-match for the O'Leary belt was won on Saturday night, October 11th, by Murphy, of Haverstraw, who made 505½ miles, with Howard second, 500, Faber third, 485, and Briody fourth, 475.

THE Rev. Dr. William J. Tucker, of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, of this city, has accepted the chair of Sacred Rhetoric in Andover Theological Seminary as successor to the Rev. Dr. Austin Phelps.

TWENTY-TWO immigrants and second-class passengers were killed and thirty wounded by an accident on the Michigan Central Railroad, near Jackson, Mich., October 10th. The accident was caused by a misplaced switch.

GENERAL GRANT will leave California for the East about the 27th of October. He was given the compliment of a public reception by the merchants of San Francisco, October 9th, and sailed on the same day for Oregon.

THE corner stone of a monument to the memory of Sergeant Jasper was laid at Savannah, Ga., October 9th, on the centennial anniversary of the siege of Savannah. Over 15,000 people were present, and there was a fine military display.

THE Faneuil Hall (Massachusetts) Democrats have nominated John Quincy Adams for Governor, W. R. Plunkett for Lieutenant-Governor, M. T. Donohoe for Secretary of State, D. N. Skillings for Treasurer, W. R. Field for Auditor, and Richard Olney for Attorney-General.

Foreign.

INFANTRY are to be stationed throughout every available portion of County Mayo, Ireland.

THE French Cabinet has unanimously resolved to uphold the Ferry Educational Bill in the Senate.

It is said that 5,862 animals have died of rinderpest in Southern Russia since the beginning of the year.

ADVISES from Hayti state that General Montmorency has been elected President of the Republic by a majority of 85 votes.

NEW regulations have been issued at St. Petersburg authorizing the police to use weapons to disperse threatening crowds.

MUCH damage has been done in Manitoba by prairie fires. Many farmers have lost their houses, wheat and hay-stacks.

A PARIS dispatch reports that 1,000 emigrants embarked at Genoa for the United States October 5th, and 1,200 on October 7th.

THE manager and directors of the Consolidated Bank of Montreal have been indicted for uttering false statements of the condition of the bank.

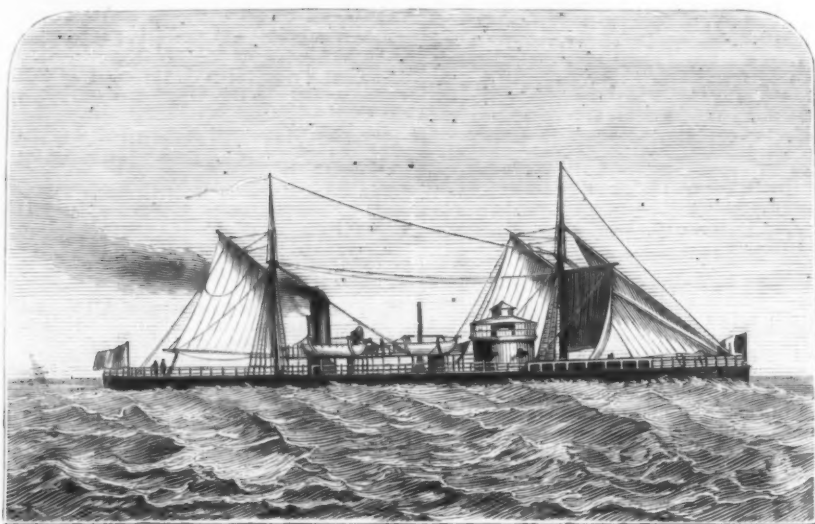
MINISTER NOYES and Consul Fairchild with their wives will shortly go to Egypt, North Africa and Spain. They will be absent from France for three months.

PRINCE BISMARCK was to go to Varzin, his estate in Pomerania, October 9th. The Emperor has granted him a five months' furlough on condition that he shall superintend any business of more than ordinary importance arising during that period.

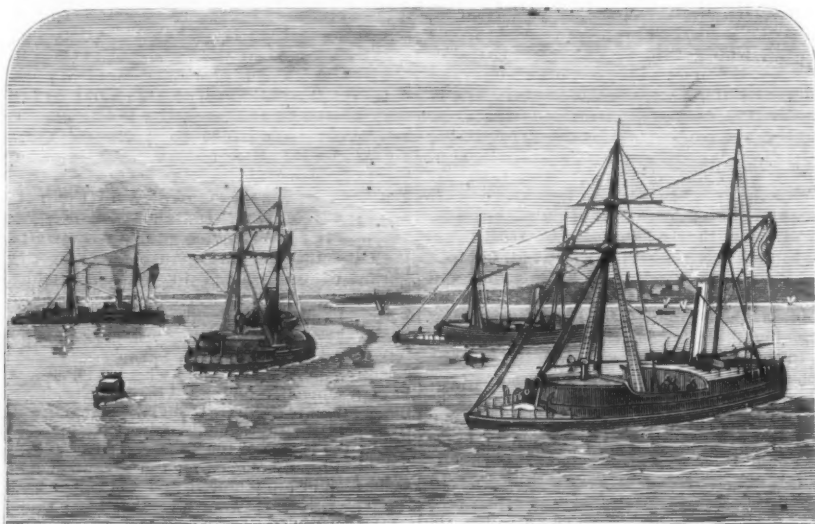
A SPANISH Cabinet council has settled the basis of treaties of peace and commerce with Peru and Bolivia, and has also resolved to enforce in Cuba severe penalties against persons guilty of sequestrations, pillage and incendiarism on political pretexes.

ADVISES from Cape Town to September 23d are that the presence of the troops and Sir Garnet Wolseley's emphatic declaration that England intends to claim the Transvaal, have produced a quieting effect on the Boers. Affairs in Zululand were quiet.

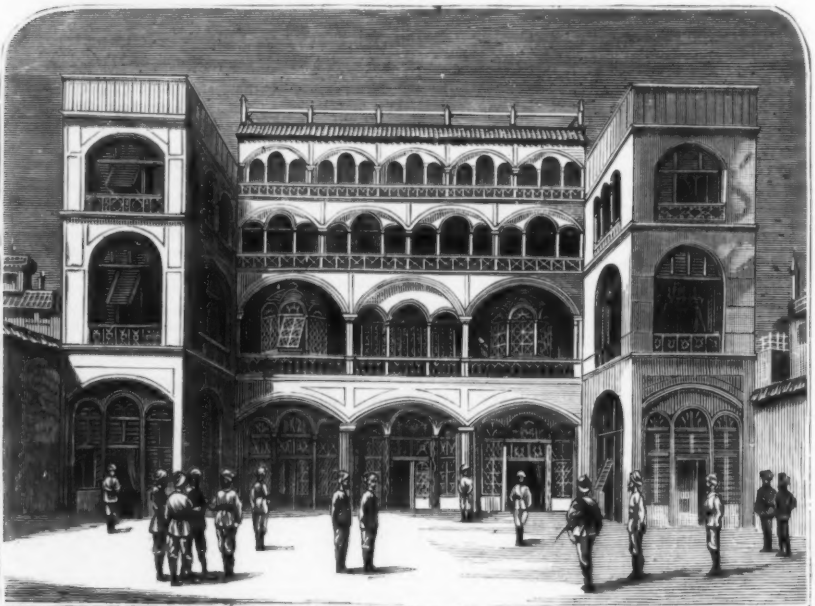
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 123.



PERU.—NEW IRONCLAD MONITOR "ATAHUALPA."



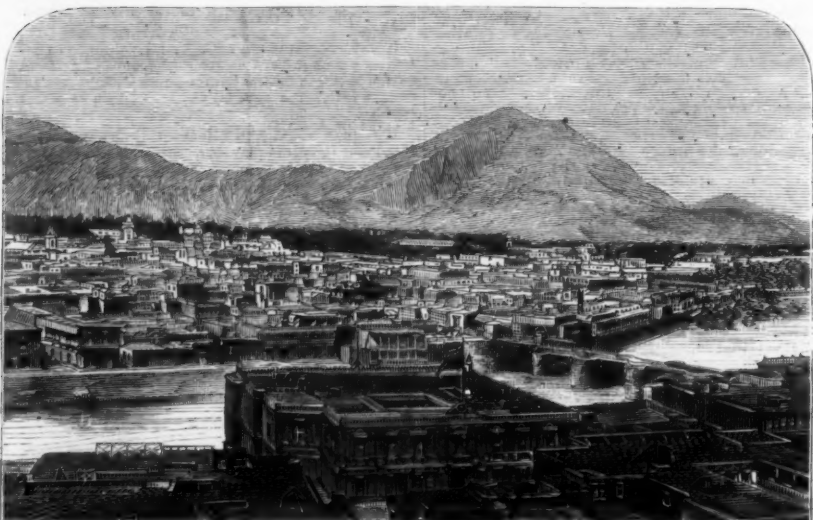
CHINA.—NEW STYLE OF IRON GUNBOATS FOR COAST DEFENSE.



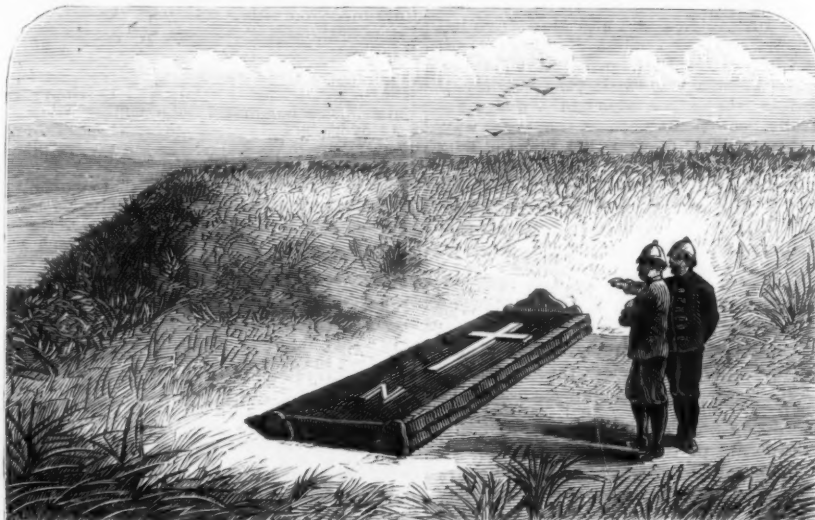
AFGHANISTAN.—THE BRITISH RESIDENCY IN CABUL.



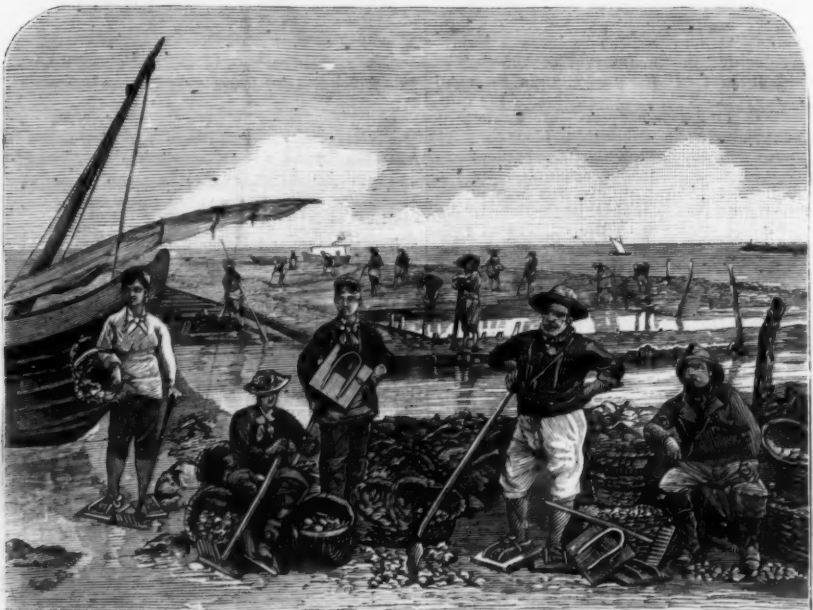
AFGHANISTAN.—THE CITADEL OF HERAT.



PERU.—VIEW OF THE CITY OF LIMA, CAPITAL OF THE REPUBLIC.



SOUTH AFRICA.—STONE MARKING THE SPOT WHERE THE PRINCE IMPERIAL WAS KILLED.



FRANCE.—MALE AND FEMALE OYSTER FARMERS AT ANCACHON.



AUSTRALIA.—THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDING AT MELBOURNE, VICTORIA.

GRAPE CULTURE.

THE three primary considerations with viticulturists are soil, situation and aspect. The vine will grow almost in any situation, and exhibit luxurious vegetation under conditions apparently the most unfavorable; but if healthy vines and fine fruit be desired, it is necessary to choose a soil where the roots can ramble freely, find plenty of nutriment, and be safe from stagnant water and its accompanying cold sour subsoil. "The vine cannot bear wet feet," is a very old and very wise saying. In the Arriege, in France, a rich wine like Tokay is obtained from mountain sides covered with large stones, as if the cultivators had left all to nature. In Italy and Sicily the best wines are grown among the rubbish of volcanoes. On the other hand, the rich Chasselas de Fontainebleau table grapes are produced by vines planted in cold and heavy soil, well manured, while the celebrated Hampton Court vine revels in the luxury of an old sewer. All good vines are grown on the hill-sides; hence Virgil tells us that "*Bacchus amat colles*," "*Bacchus loves the hills*," and modern experience bears out the ancient saw, though it does not follow, however, that the plains will not produce good wine-making grapes, as the fine wines of the Gironde in France and Chateau Margaux, Lafitte and Latour are grown on the plains.

The writer, with an artist, recently traversed the grape-growing district of the River Hudson, radiating fifteen miles from the picturesque little village of Marlboro', and in order to afford an idea of the quantity of grapes raised within this circle, I may mention that forty-five tons weight, on an average, are shipped for market from Marlboro' dock every night during the season—the first of September to the middle of October—and from Milton, eight miles further up the river, an average of forty tons.

Anything more lovely than the views from these vineyards it is impossible to conceive. The lordly river shimmering and flashing like a mirror, and dotted here and there with snowy sails resembling so many lilies; the gently sloping banks clad with the greenest, keeneast verdure, and striped with the russets and golds of the clambering vines till they reach the tender blue sky; cottages, so white! peeping coyly from groves soft as moss or lichen; and in the distance the giant crags of the Highlands slumbering in the last rays of Summer, or the filmy forms of the Catskills, sublime in their ghostly outline! At Cedar Ridge our lines fell in pleasant places, and having encountered Mr. H. W. Murtfeldt, one of the oldest and most experienced of viticulturists, we spent "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock" in his picturesque vineyard, while he initiated us into the mysteries of vine-growing.

"I work on the Niffen system," observed Mr. Murtfeldt, "which gives me the grapes on top, and lets the sun get at them underneath. I used to prefer the foliage all down to the ground, but the Niffen system for Concord is the best. When I go to plant a vine I subsoil well and turn the ground upside down for eighteen or twenty inches so as to get it thoroughly drained. I open a trench all the way through, so as to get the roots of my vines all over the place. After the first year's growth I cut down to two eyes. On the second year I allow the two eyes two shoots, then I form my arms out of the two shoots, cutting them down to three eyes. This gives me bearing wood for next year of three bearing shoots on each side of the bearing stem. In the third year, if the vine is thrifty and well manured—I manure with bone—I let eighteen bunches grow. I consider that no vine in open cultivation ought to have more than



NEW YORK CITY.—REV. ROBERT COLLYER, NEW PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.—SEE PAGE 123.

twenty pounds; this, with 600 vines to an acre, grows 12,000 pounds of grapes. In 1870 I cut off this patch fifteen tons weight of grapes, but if I had cut seven tons it would have been more money to me, as I was induced to leave too many bearing buds on and thus crippled my vines. I prune in Winter after a heavy frost. At the end of February I tie with twine or wire, dis-budding everything except what the vine will be able to bear. I calculate

three pounds of grapes to each bearing shoot, and three bunches pay better than five. Unless the wood is overburdened, I do not touch the grapes until I cut them for market. If you are very particular with your vine you 'lath' or 'pinch out.' Mr. Murtfeldt here showed us the process of lathing or pinching off, which is simply the removal of a shoot by means of a sharp pinch of the forefinger and thumb.

"I like to get the dew off the grapes, as they must be perfectly dry to pack safely. I employ no pickers outside my own family, and this is the rule in this section of the country. It's fine work for women—healthful and congenial. When the grapes are cut (vide illustration), I put 'em into half-bushel baskets and bring 'em to the packing-house. They are then placed on a table and all the poor fruit cut out; then I leave 'em for three or four days to sweat, because when sweated they pack so much better. I have packed forty boxes a day, and so close is the fit that no box would vary from the other a quarter of a pound. I ship all to New York. Ten cents per box is the freight on board; six cents to place it with commission-men, and the commission is ten cents. It costs me eight cents a pound to raise grapes."

This is practically the history of the vine from its being planted to its bearing golden fruit.

For table grapes the soil cannot be too deep or too rich, while twenty inches is the least depth to be relied on, and, if very favorable results are desired, it should be made three feet. Vegetable mold from decayed leaves is considered to be the best invigorator, but as it cannot be always obtained by reason that the leaves require two years before they become sufficiently putrid, rotten wood reduced to a fine mold, the scrapings of the ground in old woods where the trees grow thick together, mold out of hollow trees and sawdust reduced to a fine mold, are substituted. The proper season for planting depends upon local circumstances. The distance apart at which vines should be planted will, of course, depend not only upon the variety but upon the object for which they are set out. In Europe they are placed at all distances, from thirty inches to thirty feet. In the Ohio vineyards, where they are usually fastened to stakes, the plants are placed four and five feet apart; but in the Northern States, where vines are trained upon trellises, they are set in rows six feet apart, the vines standing seven or eight feet apart in the rows. The number of vines required to plant an acre will be seen from the following table:

Plants to the Acre.	Plants to the Acre.
8 x 3 requires 4,840	8 x 7 requires 788
4 x 3 " 3,630	8 x 8 " 680
4 x 4 " 2,722	9 x 7 " 691
5 x 4 " 2,178	9 x 8 " 605
5 x 5 " 1,742	9 x 9 " 537
6 x 5 " 1,452	10 x 7 " 622
6 x 6 " 1,210	10 x 8 " 544
7 x 6 " 1,023	10 x 9 " 484
7 x 7 " 888	10 x 10 " 435

"Stopping," or pinching, consists in picking off the end of a shoot; its immediate effect is to arrest the further growth of the cane, or at least its further lineal development for the time being. That the leaves are great agents in the elaboration of sap was fully proved by the experiments of Hales, who forced orange flower water into the vessels of a vine, with a view to impart its flavor to the fruit. The experiment was unsuccessful as to its ostensible object, but not as to its concomitant results, for he traced the flavor through the stem and branches to the leaves, but no further; there it was decomposed and doubtless returned to the wood and fruit in the form of sap. When extra fine bunches are desired, one-half the berries should be removed from every bunch, leaving the largest. This operation should be performed when the grapes are about the size of peas. The pruning of vines is reduced to four systems, viz., the long-rod removal system, the long-spur system, the short or secondary spur system, and the close-cut or primary spur system. Viticulturists are now



NEW YORK.—GROWING AMERICAN INDUSTRIES—TRIMMING AND PACKING GRAPES FOR MARKET, NEAR MARLBORO'-ON-THE HUDSON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

declaring in favor of wails, as when vines are judiciously trained in front of brick walls, and a few inches distant from them, the grapes uniformly ripen sooner than those on exposed trellises. The wood also is more perfectly matured, and this, during a succession of years, exerts a considerable and favorable influence on the vine. The Concord, the Clinton, the Ives, the Nortons and others, get along safely through most winters without protection, but the luscious Delaware, the Rebecca, the Maxitawney and the Catawba require protection.

Mildew and rot are the chief diseases affecting the grape, and are both believed to be caused by atmospheric influences. Excessive rains and damp sultry weather are deemed the chief causes of these allied diseases. No specific remedy has been found, as no means of preventing the recurrence of the unfavorable causes are within human reach.

Of insects there are several that are quite destructive to the grape plant, among which the most formidable is the phylloxera, a tiny insect which, in its several stages, is lately making deadly havoc among the vineyards of both Europe and America— affecting the roots as well as the foliage. In its work upon the foliage it does comparatively little injury, but its work upon the roots is very destructive—eating away the fibrous portions, and causing them to decay and die.

Against the ravages of this insect there is as yet no known satisfactory remedy. Large rewards have been offered in Europe to stimulate discovery, and in America the entomologists and others are diligently pursuing their investigations.

The leaf-hopper is a troublesome insect on some varieties. It is an active little beetle, and works on the underside of the leaves, causing them to assume a deadly appearance in spots, and finally killing the leaf entirely. Soap-suds has been recommended as a remedy, also tobacco infusion thrown upon them with a syringe.

The leaf-folder is a green worm that folds itself up in the leaf, where it goes into the chrysalis state. The parent moth appears in the Spring and deposits its eggs, which hatch and fold themselves up during the Summer. The increase of both this and the leaf-hopper may be checked by raking-up and burning the leaves in the Fall.

There is also a grape curculio, inferior in size to the plum curculio, but with habits somewhat similar. It punctures the fruit and deposits an egg, which hatches a worm to live on the juices. This larva leaves the berry during Summer, and passes into the ground. It is believed, however, to issue again in the Fall as a beetle, and thus pass the Winter. Many other more or less destructive insect enemies of the grape might be mentioned, did our space permit.

Years ago, when Horace Greeley offered a large premium for the grape best suited to the wants of the million, and a wise and intelligent committee awarded the prize to the Concord, there was an expression of very great dissatisfaction on the part of many interested and earnest men, and the decision was denounced in severe terms. Yet, as time progressed and the different sorts became more widely known and tested, the wisdom of the decision has become more manifest and very generally acquiesced in; and it is safe to say that to-day the Concord stands at the head of the best as the grape for the million. Yet there are many grapes superior in quality, and there are localities where it will not thrive, so that it would be unwise to urge its planting to the exclusion of other varieties.

I shall not easily forget that little dock at Marlboro' (vide illustration), with its pile of boxes laden with grapes, the moon silencing the river and throwing all else into fantastic shadows. For a mile the road from the village to the dock was blocked with wagons, all bent on forwarding their luscious load to the great centre, New York. On this road we visited a factory out of which there are turned 7,000 grape baskets a day. These baskets are new in design, and are to be given away with the grapes. Each case contains six baskets, the entire being capable of holding fifty pounds weight of fruit. Hitherto the party buying the fruit at wholesale was compelled to leave a deposit for baskets, ranging from one to two dollars. By the new system the bookkeeping of the commission merchant is saved, the growers are eased on their return trip, and the grower can enlarge his operations, as he is no longer compelled to pay a heavy deposit, in some cases equal to the value of his fruit.

THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

IN the early part of last December my firm sent me down on Jersey shore to look after a brig engaged in the coast trade, which had been run aground in a gale off Barnegat Bay. Arriving there, I found that she had sustained no damage, but had got loose from the sand and was on her way to port.

Away from the rush and bustle of New York, and out upon a lonely sea-coast in Winter was a novelty to me, and I determined to enjoy a short vacation before returning to the city. I had a fancy to see Father Neptune in his cold-weather moods and go a gunning. I had had enough of town, so I left Barnegat and went four or five miles above Waertown, and put up at an old red tavern, that captivated me with its quaintness. It was desolate enough, surely, for any one who had a relish for such things. It was a queer, rambling structure, at least a century old, with stone chimneys built up on the outside, and weather-beaten porches ending abruptly in odd places, where additions to the original building had been made. An ancient elm beat its bare branches over one corner, and two or three weeping-willows hung over an ugly little creek in the rear, making dark nooks that offered suggestions of a hundred possible horrors. Inside was good enough cheer—plenty to eat and drink in a plain way; and when one had had enough of that, one could lounge about the big bar-room and study human nature, or look out of the dingy windows at the sea.

Within an hour after drifting in there, I made a bargain with a long-legged, keen-eyed fellow, who said he had a spare gun and a couple of fine dogs to go out for game bright and early the next day. After dinner, surfeited with the rum and tobacco of the tavern, I set out for a stroll on the beach. It was a glorious day. The sky was the tenderest azure; and the blue waters of the bay, ruffled by the light breeze, sparkled and danced in the rays of the sun, while beyond the low bar the ocean rolled in gentle majesty away. Existence itself on a day like this was satisfaction; the crisp, pure air was inspiration. I walked on and on up the smooth, hard sand, never thinking of fatigue, until at least seven or

eight miles must have stretched between me and my starting-point.

"My good Karl," said I, suddenly to myself, "that is certainly Crag Point—that smuggler's den long-legged Jerry was telling you about this morning—and I think you would better go back."

I sat down upon a rock to look at the place. The scene was weirdly picturesque in this bright weather, but it made one shudder to imagine it under a pall of gray sky, with a driving rain and the waves rushing up against the rocks. The mouth of a small creek made a snug harbor, and the wild, jutting rocks afforded many safe nooks for smugglers to run into, while there was not a habitation in sight.

Yes, it was just the place for these fellows; and I was soon deep in picturing out the daring and dangerous probabilities of their outlaw lives. All at once I became conscious of a friendly presence; a hearty hand-grasp was on my shoulder, and a brusque voice in my ear: "Karl Meiningen! In the name of all that's wonderful, how did you get here?"

"Detective Brunning!" I cried, "I am as much surprised to see you."

"Never be surprised to see me anywhere, my boy," sticking his thumbs in his vest pockets; "but the question is, what are you doing here? I thought you never ventured out of New York at this time of year."

"I came down to look after the *Crescent*. She was aground off Barnegat Bay; but she was all right when I got there, and I concluded to return at my leisure. I am stopping four miles above Waertown, and strolled up here to enjoy myself. Now, Brunning, for your side."

"I? Oh, I'm on business, of course. There are crooked goods on the market again, and I am running them down. Crag Point is a first-class cove for smugglers to put into, and I think this is the place to look for my game. I was here on the same errand some years ago, and I can assure you that I had a deuce of a time."

We paced up and down the sand, talking upon topics of mutual interest, until we saw that the short Winter day was drawing to a close, and that the on-coming night would bring foul weather. A bank of sullen black clouds had gathered in the west, and the setting sun was fringing them with a border of dingy yellow; a damp wind was blowing landward, and there was every prospect of getting a wetting before reaching shelter.

"Come," said Brunning; "go up to Whiting with me."

"No; come, go down to that ghostly old tavern with me, and go a-gunning to-morrow. Business can wait."

"By George, I believe I will!"

As we started, a girl rushed past us, running with headlong speed to the rocks at the water's edge, and, stopping there, clasped her hands on her breast and threw back her head as in supplication. A thrilling picture of utter desolation she made as she stood there upon the wild rocks, with the waves dashing roughly at her feet, the marble beauty of her face outlined by the waning sunlight against the bleak Winter sky and her long brown hair blown by the unheeding wind. Detective Brunning clasped my arm convulsively. I turned to look at him. He was intensely pale, and staring fixedly at the woman on the rocks before us.

"My God! Karl, that is Dick Warren's Alice!" turning to me. "I would rather see a whole graveyard of spooks! It was terrible. Poor Alice—poor Alice! We can't help her," he said, in reply to an inquiry; "she is hopelessly insane. So, hurry on, or we'll get carried off our feet, besides getting a ducking," looking up at the ragged, gray clouds driving across the sky. "I'll tell you about her after supper, over a bowl of punch."

About two hours of quick walking brought us to the tavern, a little wet, but blown almost out of breath by the gale, which had helped rather than retarded us. A good supper and blazing fire soon refreshed us, and nine o'clock found us seated in the room assigned to me—in that corner with the great bare branches of the old elm beating against it. Inside we were cozy enough. A great fire burned in the ancient fireplace; before it was a mahogany table, with a sufficiency of steaming, fragrant punch in a rare old china punch-bowl—that punch-bowl must have existed at least a century, and was covered with blue griffins and dragons and St. Georges in a style that would set a collector of ceramics crazy; two capacious armchairs, Brunning in one, myself in the other. Outside it was just the night to tell a terrible story; just the night to listen to it. The howling of the wind, the wild dashing of the rain, and the heavy boom of the angry sea breaking against the bar, made a fit accompaniment for any tale of human life that might be weird, or dark, or terrible, or sad.

"Just such a night as this," said the detective, reflectively, pausing the glass half way to the lips, "just such a night as this! Meiningen, think of a boat at sea! But I promised to tell you the story—about poor Alice, I mean. You want to hear it?"

"Certainly; your stories are always worth listening to."

"They ought to be. I've been in enough queer places. You know I told you that I was down here before, several years ago. Some of the merchants found that a lot of smuggled goods were on the market, and they came to us to trace them up. For quite a while we were completely baffled; but at last we thought we had a clue, and that Dick Warren up there at Crag Point was the leader of the gang. Some half-dozen of us went down and tried to work up the case, but Warren was as slippery as an eel, and we could get no hold on him whatever."

"We began to think that we were playing a losing game, when a trump card turned up in the shape of a young fellow from Cincinnati—a new hand at the business, but as sharp as a

steel trap. After making all sorts of inquiries about the case, he asked abruptly:

"Has the old fox a daughter?"

"Yes, sir," says I; "he has; just sweet sixteen, and as pretty as a picture."

"And innocent?"

"To be sure. Warren would rather lose his head than have that little angel suspect him of being a sinner."

"Then Corwin leaned back in his chair and twisted his heavy, black mustache very thoughtfully for a few minutes, then with a quick flash in his keen black eye, he sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Gentlemen, if Dick Warren is a smuggler, you shall have him safe enough inside of three months."

"What are you going to do?"

"Make love to Warren's ewe lamb, and go into the trade. Do you doubt me?" showing his white teeth.

"No," said I; "you are deucedly handsome, and could pass yourself off for a pirate seven days in the week."

"Well, it was settled that Corwin should work up the case to suit himself, and that when he needed help to send for me. But the Lord knows that, if I could have anticipated the terrible end to the affair, I should never have had anything to do with it to catch a thousand smugglers."

"We didn't hear anything more from Corwin for three months. Going to headquarters one morning in November, I found a message requesting me to come down to Whiting immediately to meet him."

"I found him in high spirits, and confident of getting the whole lot."

"My success," said he, "is more than I dared hope for. I have joined their gang; am personally acquainted with every one of them; know all their craft, and the places where they keep their stuff, and have everything spotted, so that there will be no trouble when we are ready to make the haul. And all this, because I am to be Dick Warren's son-in-law. Ha, ha, that's good! But then," he added, with a shadow darkening on his face, "it's a cruel shame to make that innocent little beauty a cat's-paw to draw our chests out of the fire. Yet what's the use to moralize! Business is business, and besides justice demands it," and he sprang up and began to pace the floor. This was evidently a sore spot, but he was grit clean through, and I knew he wouldn't back out.

"Arrangements were made for me to go over to Crag Point with him. I was to be Corwin's father *pro tem.*; was to be profoundly ignorant of smuggling operations; only come over through a paternal interest in my son's bride-elect, to get acquainted with the family, and all that, you know."

"Well, I made up splendid, and did the gentle patriarch to perfection. Dick Warren never suspected that a detective's cussedness lay under that white wig and those snowy whiskers until it was too late."

"Warren lived in quite comfortable style, about a mile beyond Crag Point, in a neat brick house which an old-maid sister had charge of, and where she now takes care of poor Alice. Well, Alice's lover and her prospective father-in-law were most warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained. Karl, I can never forget what a picture of loveliness that little girl was. Her face was like a flower—so fair and pure and dainty; and her light-brown hair floated down like a cloud full of golden glints over her blue silk frock. She sang like a bird, and was just as happy as one. Poor little Alice! It makes my heart ache to think of her."

"After retiring to our room, Corwin disclosed his plans to me fully. They were deep and unscrupulous, the cunning knave! Alice's pretty wedding *trousseau* had already come from New York, and there was no reason why the marriage should not occur immediately. Corwin had succeeded in persuading them to have it take place in Philadelphia, his native city. We were to go in a carriage to the home of a dear friend, who was to accompany us thither; thence to Philadelphia. This was the programme, as they understood it; but as we understood it, this friend's house was an old deserted mansion that Corwin had got possession of, some fifteen or twenty miles down the coast. Here he had a room fitted up in the best style to take care of a prisoner. The windows were heavily grated, and the door well secured. He also had bracelets and anklets in waiting. It was his plan, when we got Warren and his daughter safely inside the house, to imprison him in this room and lock the girl up in another. Then, on the afternoon of the same day, Corwin was to ride back to Crag Point and entice the rest of the gang into a snare, under the pretext that Warren had sent him back with a message to them on important business. Four officers of the law were to be on hand and take them in charge. Then Corwin and myself were to escort Warren to New York and give him over to justice. It was beautifully planned, and we had no doubt but what it would be as well executed."

"The day was not fine, but apparently no gayer party than ours ever existed. But I, at least, was inwardly wretched; for I could think of nothing but the sudden woe that was to fall on that pretty, bright girl, and dash the light from the sweet brown eyes for ever."

"Well, we arrived at Corwin's house and alighted. They suspected nothing, for he had the shutters on one side of the house thrown open and white curtains at the windows; the hall was furnished and the stairs carpeted."

"Walk right in, my friends. I have the passport to the house, and will surprise the folks," said Corwin, lightly, and opened the door with a latch-key."

"Follow me; the parlor is up-stairs."

"Safely inside, the door was quickly locked and the key secured. In a twinkling, Corwin, pale and determined, with a smile of Satan on his handsome face, put a pistol to Warren's head, and told him that he was his prisoner."

"We have you now, my friend, and will put you where you'll never play smuggler again. Put on the bracelets, Brunning."

"We detectives are used to scenes, and we had a first class one here. Warren raved and swore like a maniac, while poor little Alice lay in a heap on the floor, mercifully unconscious for a few moments of her sorrow. Then Warren thought of her."

"Oh, my poor little bird, why must they murder you to punish me! Oh, you heartless, cowardly dogs!" he cried, turning upon us with ineffable scorn and rage. "You vipers! to sting to death an innocent girl, than whom the angels of heaven are not purer. Smuggler though I be, I could never be so vile a murderer!"

"It seemed to be too true; and we turned to the window in silence."

"Presently the poor girl opened her eyes and gazed around in a dazed sort of a way for a second, then she shuddered convulsively as the fearful truth rushed over her, and she closed her eyes again as if to shut it out."

"Alice, my darling!" cried the wretched man.

"All the filial love in her heart aroused at the sound of his voice, and she slowly rose and tottered over to him. Putting her arms around his neck, she laid her soft cheek against his and murmured:

"Dear, dear father, I love you. Misfortune can never take me from you."

"Then she sobbed—such dry, hard, bitter sobs, that they broke a fellow's heart to listen to them."

"After a while she raised her head, and her face was like a wraith. She walked slowly over to Corwin, who stood on the other side of the room, pale as death, but with his lips set firm together. She took his ring off her little white finger and dropped it at his feet. He quailed as from a blow at the awful anguish and reproach in those despair-filled eyes."

"Mr. Corwin," said she, choking down a sob, "I was a happy girl who never harmed you, yet you have heaped upon me an agony so great that heart or reason cannot live through. If God is just He will punish you for your crime against the innocent, and may His judgment come quickly, raising her hands and solemn eyes to heaven. 'It is vain to ask for mercy for my father from such a soul as yours.'"

"Corwin opened his white lips as if to speak, but no sound came from them."

"No," she said, in protest; "let me not listen to your traitor voice. Leave my father and myself alone for a little while, with a wail of entreaty."

"We went outside and left them alone."

"Corwin," said I, "that girl will be the death of me. It's too awful."

"It cuts me to the quick," he replied; "but it's our business, you know."

"But can't we get out of this for the girl's sake?"

"A look of scorn was his only answer."

"It is now three o'clock," he said, after a few turns in the hall, "and I must be back at Crag Point by six. The men will never suspect me, and by midnight all will be over, and I shall be safely back here, and Warren can easily be finished off. Of course we'll see that—that Alice does not suffer."

"He took a fresh horse and rode rapidly away. I wandered up and down like an uneasy ghost all afternoon. At six o'clock I carried the two prisoners their supper, and Alice begged so piteously to be left with her father that I did not have the heart to take her away."

"The night set in pretty bad and kept getting worse. The rain was falling fast, and a stiff breeze was dashing the sea against the shore. I went out on the porch to wait for Corwin. The moon was at its full, and despite the storm I could see pretty well. Suddenly two figures rushed swiftly past me into the wild night. I was utterly surprised. Could it be the two up stairs? Of course, my first impulse was to run after them; but a second impulse told me to go and see if it was they—it must have been the voice of fate, for I went. Yes; somehow Alice had picked the lock—how I am not satisfied to this day—and she and her father were free. I wished from my heart that they might get where we could never find them. I got down stairs just as Corwin dashed up, dripping wet, and threw himself from his exhausted horse."

"Well!" he cried, "mine are safe enough. How are yours?"

"Gone!" I replied.

"Gone, gone!" he yelled. "Coward—fool!" "Take care," I cried, catching him by the throat, "wait till you know."

"I briefly explained."

"Quick, quick! We'll be too late!"

"Go yourself," said I, "I don't hound children to death."

"Coward!" he hissed between his teeth. "I'll blast you in every paper in the land for this."

"We glared at each other."

"Come," I cried, wild at the taunt. "Follow where I lead. They went to the sea."

"In a few minutes we reached the shore just in time to see the frantic girl and her desperate father pushing out on that fearful sea in a little boat."

"There were two boats yesterday," Corwin shrieked. "We'll take the other one. She can row like fury; but I can beat her in this storm. Quick! I'll have him or die!"

"Like two madmen we sprang into that frail bark. Karl, Karl! no one ever did such a thing before. It was like flying into the arms of death. What was human strength before that mighty sea. We were tossed like a bubble by those writhing, rushing, foaming waters! I know not how long we stood it; but it seemed ages. Then there was a wild shriek of the wind, a terrific roar of billows, and I knew no more until the sun was climbing up a cold November sky. Stiff and battered by the storm, it was long before I could realize who, or what, or where I was. After a while I

dragged myself up and looked around. Both boats had been washed ashore together. Warren and Corwin both lay stark and dead—Warren with his handcuffed hands dropped across his breast; Corwin with a great gash in his white temple. Both had expiated their crime—for I can never hold Corwin guiltless. I turned to look for Alice, and saw her standing a little way off—just as we saw her to-night. When she saw me she laughed that wild, blood-curdling laugh of the maniacs, and it has never yet ceased ringing in my ears."

The storm beat and the sea roared, and Brunning and I studied the fire in silence.

"Poor little Alice!" said the detective, softly, after a while. "If those cruel waves had only borne her out into the wide ocean of eternity."

REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

THE Rev. Robert Collyer, well known to the present generation as the "Blacksmith Preacher," after serving as pastor of Unity Church, Chicago, for twenty years, has now entered upon his duties as minister of the congregation of the Church of the Messiah, in New York City. On Sunday, September 21st, he preached his farewell sermon in Chicago, and on the 28th his inaugural in New York. He was born at Keighley, Yorkshire, England, December 8th, 1823, and emigrated to the United States in 1850, as a Methodist exhorter. Like many among the Wesleyans, he combined a worldly trade with his spiritual profession, and labored hard at the anvil on week-days. His first location was at Shoemakerstown, in Pennsylvania, where he was permitted to act as "local preacher." This position he held for ten years, and his salary was certainly not such as to lead to any worldly competition for the place. It amounted, according to himself, to "one a'manac, various little household necessities, and ten dollars in money."

During the last years of his blacksmith life he became acquainted with Lucretia Mott, and the well-known philanthropist, Dr. Furness, whose views he found to be more in harmony with his own; and having accepted a generous invitation of the latter to preach in his pulpit, Mr. Collyer was, in January, 1859, brought up for heresy by the conference, and refused a renewal of his license as a preacher on the following grounds: That he could not believe in eternal punishment, nor in total human depravity, nor in the damnation of a good man because he does not believe in the Trinity. In February of the same year, the Chicago ministry at large being in need of an earnest and unsectarian worker, he was recommended to the place in a noble letter from Dr. Furness, the Unitarian pulpit of that city being then vacant. Mr. Collyer was invited to supply it the first Sunday after his arrival. The church in which he preached being then disturbed by political differences, some thirty or forty of the members withdrew and invited Mr. Collyer to become their preacher. The Second Unitarian Society was thus formed and the Unity Church was soon after built by it.

Mr. Collyer is an eminently practical and liberal man. When the press and public were excited over the funeral of the veteran actor, George Holland, and the circumstance that rendered "The Little Church around the Corner" famous the world over, Mr. Collyer spoke these stirring words as embodying his opinion on theatres and play-actors: "Two things and no third, as far as I can see, Christian men and women, and all that believe in the virtue of fair morals, have got to do—to countenance and patronize what is sound and good in the drama in a very large and human fashion, from the loftiest alto of laughter to the deepest bass of tears; from the rudest, wholesome and honest plays to the most refined; and then they must stand shoulder to shoulder, steady and sturdy, against the evil things that are growing upon us, and threaten to swamp this great, good power with their evil fascinations—the lust of the flesh, the pride of the eye, and the pride of life. I proclaim myself, fearlessly and frankly, a Puritan of the Puritans on the line at which the theatre drifts hitherward. If those that insist on playing these low and degrading parts die and are to be buried, and you send for me, I cannot refuse to come or to open my church for the poor dust to rest a moment on its way to the grave; but I cannot say such words of hope and cheer as I faint would always say as I stand beside the dead. I can only commit the soul to the Infinite mercy with some such feelings as I would commit the sorely diseased to the surgeon. But let the actor give himself to what is good, wholesome, honest and of good report in his calling. I will not ask whether he went here or there to church, or believed in my sect or another. I will be sure that, being an honest, true, kindly man, who wrought out in his life what was good and true, and tried to lead men to virtue by the drama, as the preacher does by the sermon, he stands among the good where he has gone, is included in the universal hope there and then, and he has not to wait until

On the glimmering limit far withdrawn,
God makes himself an awful rose of dawn."

How Long a Man Can Live.

How long a man can live is a question that has been widely discussed. Americans are generally reckoned to be short-lived, compared with European nations, and they may have been in the past; but they are steadily gaining in respect of age, as their material conditions improve and the laws of health are better understood and observed. Several instances have been recorded recently of persons in the State of New York who have died at 107, 108, and even 110. It is maintained, however, by men who have paid special attention to longevity, that there is no well-accredited instance of any man or woman living beyond 106—that that is the maximum possibility of human endurance. It is more reasonable to suppose that there is a mistake in calculation than that the mentioned limit has been exceeded. In Europe it is a subject of dispute as to what nation lives longest. The distinction has been claimed in turn by the English, French, Germans, Spanish, Italians and Russians. Late statistics prove that the number of people in Europe who are upward of 90 years old is 102,831, of whom more than 60,000 are women. Of those beyond 100 there are 241 women and 161 men in Italy, 229 women and 183 men in Austria and 526 women and 524 men in Hungary. The percentage of old people is found to be much higher among the Germans

than the Slavs. Investigation appears to show that human life has been lengthening in the last twenty years throughout the civilized world.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

New Peruvian Ironclads.

At the outbreak of hostilities in South America the Peruvian fleet consisted of the turreted ram *Huascar*, two monitors, the corvettes *Union* and *Pilcomayo*, four swift armed transports, and several sailing-vessels. The *Huascar* was one of the most formidable rams in service, and has been of great injury to the Chileans in the present war. It was the *Huascar* that sunk the Chilean corvette *Independencia*, commanded by the gallant Captain Prat, in the harbor of Iquique, a few months ago. To this fleet the Peruvian Government has recently added the ironclad *Atahualpa*, constructed on the monitor principle, of which we give an illustration.

New Chinese Gunboats.

These diminutive but powerful war-vessels form the third installment of a fleet of unarmored gunboats which Sir William Armstrong is building for the Chinese Government, and are intended for coast defense. Four of these boats delivered at Tientsin are named *Alpha*, *Beta*, *Gamma*, and *Delta*, and those shown in our engraving are called *Epsilon*, *Zeta*, *Eta*, and *Theta*. Whether the Chinese Government mean to go on adding to their fleet until they reach "Omega" remains to be seen. Though there are some slight differences in measurement, capacity and power of machinery, and weight of armament, a general description of one of these vessels will serve for all. The *Epsilon*, then, is 127 feet long, with 29 feet beam, a draught of 9 feet 6 inches, and a displacement of 440 tons. She is propelled by two pairs of compound engines, which give her a speed of ten knots forward or nine backward, for, being double-ended, she can be driven either way. The hull is divided into water-tight compartments, and the gun, a 35-ton muzzle loader, is worked by hydraulic machinery, so that only five men are required to attend to it when in action.

The Afghan Rebellion.

The engraving of the British Residency at Cabul will enable our readers to form some idea of the building occupied by the late Major Cavagnari and his little band of devoted followers, whose lives have been sacrificed in the performance of their duty. The Residency, although situated within the Bala Hissar, or citadel of Cabul, was anything but a fortified structure, being built mainly of wood and sun-dried bricks, yet the determined valor of Cavagnari and his men were such that the attacking party, though immensely superior in numbers, were successfully held in check until the cowardly device of firing the building was resorted to. Even then the gallant fellows, driven forth by the flames, rushed sword in hand upon their besiegers in the street, and sold their lives as dearly as possible. The late Dr. Kelly, in a letter soon after his arrival at Cabul, describes his quarters as truly Oriental in style, there being one or two good rooms, and the remainder small and poky. The news of a military insurrection at Herat, and of the murder of the civil and military officers of Government there representing the Ameer Yakub Khan, must be regarded as very serious, with a view to Afghan political complications. Herat, which is situated near the western or Persian frontier of Afghanistan, and not far from Merv and the country of Tekke Turcomans, where a Russian expedition is now on foot, has long been considered an important stepping-place to conquests in Central Asia. It commands the roads from the Caspian Sea to Candahar and to Cabul, though distant three or four hundred miles from either of those cities. The Shah of Persia has in former times repeatedly contended with the Ameer of Cabul for the possession of this frontier fortress. The citadel or ark of the town, which in old days was called Kella-i-Aktyar-Eldyn, was by itself a formidable construction, and, although it has long been neglected, it still possesses an important place in the list of the defenses of this city. It is situated in the north, where the ground is most elevated, and forms a prominent object in the landscape for miles around.

View of the City of Lima, the Capital of Peru.

The ancient City of the Kings, founded by the hero Francisco Pizarro, on the Epiphany of 1535, is situated in the delightful valley of the Rimac, at the foot of lofty granite hills, at a distance of eight kilometres from Callao, which is a busy and active seaport. Lima is one of the most handsome cities in South America, both in the perfect arrangement of its tree-lined streets and the charming if *bazarre* architecture of its houses. The houses are for the most part those which were built at the Spanish conquest, and are as perfect to-day as when the daring Pizarro disputed with Rolla for the sovereignty of Peru. Its population, according to the most recent statistics, numbers 110,000 inhabitants, while the floating population is calculated at 25,000. The climate is temperate, and the most vivid and wondrous flowers bloom all the year round in the magnificent gardens attached to the superb mansions.

The Prince Imperial's Death in Zululand.

A simple memorial has been constructed by Corporal Sully and a few soldiers under his orders to mark the spot where the French Prince Imperial was killed, or where his body was found next morning. It is about six miles from Fort Newdigate, in the valley of the Ityotyoti. The stones composing this monument, which in form resembles one of the ordinary flat gravestones in an English churchyard, were shaped by the men in garrison at Fort Newdigate, and were carried to the spot in an ox-wagon. The headstone and those forming the cross and the letter "N" are white, the others of a dark color.

Oyster Culture in Arcachon, France.

Arcachon is a village in France, in the Department of the Gironde, thirty-five miles southwest of Bordeaux, with a population of 3,000. It is situated in a landlocked bay or lake—Bassin d'Arcachon—which is sixty miles in circumference, connected with the Gulf of Gascony by a narrow strait. It is surrounded by pine woods which extend as far as Bayonne, and abound in game. But it is famous chiefly for its oysters, the Arcachon oyster being considered on the Paris Boulevard equal in flavor to the celebrated Ostend—an oyster called the "Ear of Venus" fetching an almost fabulous price at such celebrated restaurants as the Maison Dorée, the Café Anglais and Filippa. At Arcachon, oyster-culture is carried on so as to give employment to both men and women, and the delicious bivalve is raised after a fashion peculiar to the locality, namely, in basins, or parks, as they are called, over which a certain height only of water is allowed to run at certain intervals.

International Exhibition at Melbourne.

The opening of the first Australian International Exhibition at Sydney, New South Wales, on September 27th, and the success it has already achieved, have vastly stimulated the citizens of Victoria, and a building for holding a similar display in that colony is now being erected at the south end of the Carlton Gardens, fronting on the Victoria Parade, in Melbourne. It is expected that the Melbourne Exhibition will be opened next Spring.

FOREIGN LABOR NOTES.

The strike in the Staffordshire potteries has been averted, the men consenting to arbitration.

The estimated average yield of wheat for the entire Province of Manitoba exceeds thirty bushels per acre.

Four of the principal labor unions in England have spent \$1,300,000 in the last year in extending relief to their members.

Commerce in Mexico is increasing, and industries are expanding by reason of the peaceful and hopeful condition of the country.

The employees in the iron works at Jarrow, England, have resumed work under protest against the award by Mr. Dale, the arbitrator.

The Duke of Beaufort says publicly that it is impossible to compete with American wheat production. He advises British farmers to devote their attention to the raising of cattle.

The city of Manchester, England, makes gas for the use of its people, and for the year past it has derived a profit therefrom of \$250,000, which is turned over to an improvement fund.

The Iron Ship Builders and the Boiler Makers' Association of Stockton-on-Tees has resolved upon a strike unless the masters modify their action in relation to a reduction of wages.

The national industrial exhibition contemplated for Moscow in 1880 has been postponed one year, on account of the general feeling of insecurity and the unusual dullness of Russian trade.

All the workmen in the ship-building trade at Grimsby, England, are on strike against a resolution of the masters to extend the working hours from fifty-four to fifty-eight and a half hours weekly.

Great opposition is being manifested in the Austrian dominions to the introduction of American meat of all kinds. The Government has not prohibited the importation, but the local producers proclaim that the American article is rotten with worms.

An extra edition of the *Canada Gazette* published, contains an order in Council further prohibiting the importation or introduction into the Dominion of cattle from the United States. The length of time this prohibition will be in force is not specified.

Revolted details of the sufferings of the famine-stricken people still come from Cashmere. There is reason to hope that the worst is now over; but undoubtedly the relief measures have been miserably mismanaged by the Maharajah and his advisers, and the loss of life has been terrible.

M. LEON SAY, French Minister of Finance, has requested his colleagues in the Cabinet to hasten their estimates for the budget of 1881. He intends to continue reducing taxation, and consequently asks his colleagues not to propose any fresh expenditure except for objects of urgent necessity.

MR. JOHN WALKER, Member of Parliament for the County of Berks, addressing an agricultural meeting, October 8th, expressed his concurrence in the views which are now becoming widespread, that British farmers could not compete with America in growing wheat, but must grow what pays them best.

An Irish agent describes the present year, from an agricultural point of view, as "the worst since the famine." Few of the small farmers in his county can hold their lands at any rent. "Cattle and sheep are unsalable, and, as for the crops, they are all lost, in consequence of the never-ceasing rains which we have had for months."

The *Hamburger Börsen Halle* has the following with reference to the treaty between Russia and China relating to the cession of Kulja: "Traffic with all inland markets of China is to be granted to Russian industries, the Chinese Government to pay to Russia five million roubles and cede a portion of the Steppes at the sources of the Irish behind the Salsan Lake."

In its last issue the *London Economist* says: "There has been a further sharp advance in price in the iron trade. Scotch pig is 4s. 6d., and Cleveland 6s. per ton higher on the week, both principally on American orders. The stocks in and around Middleborough are, however, still measured by hundreds of thousands of tons. The upward movement is too feverish, and a relapse may be anticipated."

Every horse that trots along the tramways in Wolverhampton, England, is shod with American horseshoes. This, too, in face of the fact that Wolverhampton is the principal town in the world for the manufacture of horseshoes. The trouble is they are made by hand and must be heated before use, while American horseshoes are turned out cheaply by machinery and put on cold, without whittling the horse's hoof.

The committee consisting of Messrs. Parnell, O'Connor, Power, and Finligan, Home Rule Members of Parliament, and others, formed for the purpose of conducting the anti-rent agitation in Ireland, have agreed upon an appeal to the Irish race in the colonies and in the United States to promote ownership of the soil by the occupants instead of the landlords, who, the appeal declares, should, however, be fully compensated.

FIFTEEN thousand people were present at a land meeting at Cork, Ireland, October 5th. William Shaw, Member of Parliament for the county, and one of the Home Rule leaders, extolled Gladstone's Land Act. He declared that those who worked the soil should own it, and that landlords should be fairly bought out. Mr. Parnell, Home Rule Member for Meath, declared that the tenants required no Acts of Parliament. They should not rely on passive physical resistance to unjust demands. So long as Englishmen governed Ireland, they would resort to robbery and oppression. Colonel Colthurst, Sir Joseph McKenna and Patrick J. Smyth, other Home Rule Members of Parliament, also made speeches.

The *Swiss Times* observes: "Calculations are already being made as to the amount of loss which the English farmers will experience owing to the bad season. An estimate published lately puts down the amount below an average on the corn crop alone at £25,000,000, and £28,000,000 if beans, peas and rye are added. Potatoes show a loss of £15,000,000, hops of £1,250,000, and hay of £15,000,000. Here is a total loss of a little less than £60,000,000. It is further said that England will have to import at least 16,000,000 quarters of wheat, against 14,000,000 quarters last year. If these figures can in any way be relied on—and there is too much reason to fear they can—there is no reason for further inquiry as to how it comes about that the manufacturers are fairly alarmed at the prospects of the home trade."

The weekly wages paid for labor in Germany, as averaged from the several United States Consular reports, are: For bricklayers \$3.45; masons, \$4; carpenters, \$4.18; painters, \$4.60; plasterers, \$4.35; plumbers, \$3.90; blacksmiths, \$3.90; bakers, \$3.90; shoemakers, \$4.32; butchers, \$4.20; cabinet-makers, \$4.95; coopers, \$4.35; engravers, \$4; printers, \$3.90; tailors, \$4.30; laborers, porters, etc., \$2.60. The average weekly wages paid to agricultural laborers in Germany are: For men, without board and lodging, \$3.50; men, with board and lodging, \$1.80; women, without board or lodging, \$1.55; women, with board, etc., 60 cents. All laborers are required to work from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M., with two hours of intermission; 5 to 6 cents per hour is paid for extra time. Food is dearer than in New York.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE manufacture of guava jelly is the latest Florida industry.

—AMERICAN orders for 50,000 tons of English iron ore have been sent over.

—VICKSBURG is receiving more cotton than at any corresponding period since the war.

—THE schools of Hull, Ont., are to be closed on account of the prevalence of smallpox.

—THE manufacture of lamp chimneys has reached a higher figure in Pittsburgh than ever before.

—THE 700th anniversary of the Bavarian dynasty is to be celebrated at Munich, September 16th, 1880.

—IT is reported that 60,000 hundredweight of rails have been lately bought in Germany for the United States.

—THE Governor and Council of Canada declare that Belgian vessels should be admitted to the coasting trade of Canada.

—GREAT BRITAIN, it is estimated, now holds \$130,000,000 of United States bonds, and Germany, France and the rest of Europe about \$70,000,000.

—THE Treasurer of the United States reports that the total amount of standard silver dollars coined is \$42,757,750. The amount on hand is \$31,703,680.

—NOTWITHSTANDING quarantine restrictions, New Orleans had received to October 1st 55,487 bales of cotton, as against 21,480 at the corresponding period last year.

—IT is stated that during 1880 the coinage of 20,400,000 roubles worth of gold and 7,312,000 roubles worth of silver will be authorized by the Russian Government.

—NEW HAVEN manufacturers cannot get hands enough to do their work. One company was compelled to reject an order for 140 platform-cars, to be fitted with oil-tanks, for which \$40,000 was offered.

—THE entrance to the two German rivers emptying into the North Sea, the Elbe and Weser, will be impregnable as soon as the fortifications now nearly complete are finished. They will be armed with Krupp breech-loaders of enormous size.

—IT is claimed that during the past twelve years Mississippi has paid into the Federal Treasury over \$10,000,000, and yet has been able during all that time to get not more than \$500,000 for clearing out her rivers and improving her harbors.

—THE increase in the market value of the bonds of thirty-two railroads within the past year aggregates, it is estimated, about \$195,000,000, in each of these cases the increase being over a million dollars, and in one case rising to over \$25,000,000.

—IT has recently been discovered by some Philadelphians that there is considerable show of oil in the vicinity of Malta, Morgan County, Ohio, and they are taking up leases rapidly for the purpose of boring. They claim that the oil they are likely to obtain is of the heaviest lubricating kind.

—A 94 CARAT diamond, found recently at Meeker's Bush, in the South African diamond fields, was sold on the spot for \$35,000. The same "digger," to whose lot this rare find fell, unearthed about the same time a fine stone of 26 carats, and another of 10½ carats, besides several smaller gems.

—SAN ANTONIO, Texas, has a flourishing woolen mill which turns out excellent cassimere cloths at exceedingly low prices, as the wool is clipped from herds of sheep feeding in the immediate neighborhood. Texas is also rapidly putting up cotton factories in order to utilize her superabundant cotton crops.

—MAINE'S business prospects are brightening. Lewiston's Centennial Mills are shipping cotton to China; the Worcombs Company of Lisbon will erect another large mill, equipped with the best machinery; the Portland Packing Company have shops in six towns, with a daily capacity at each of 20,000 to 24,000 cans of corn.

—THE canned-goods trade is experiencing a noticeable revival. Last year the business was much contracted in consequence of the general depression then prevailing, but the situation now is greatly improved. A curious feature of the trade on the Pacific Coast is its gradual absorption by the Chinese, whose cheap labor gives them commercial and industrial advantages which set competition at defiance.

—AT least five hundred manufacturing establishments in the State of Pennsylvania are now engaged in manufacturing (or export in proportions varying from a small share to nine-tenths the production of each, and of the three millions of tons of pig iron produced in the last year probably fifty thousand tons have been exported, not as pig iron, but in the thousand forms of ultimate manufacture, worth from one hundred to one thousand dollars per ton.

—THE dock yards at Milford Haven, England, are to be completed by March next, three shifts working day and night, using the electric light. They will admit ironclads with all the beam Mr. Frode asks for, their extreme breadth being seventy-five feet. They will be the largest and deepest drydocks in the world, the largest of them taking the *Great Eastern*, and being 700 feet long, 93 feet wide, with an average depth of 30 feet over the sill, 25 feet at high-water neap tides, and 36 feet at high-water springs.

—BORN in Norway and Sweden the women preponderate in number over the men. At the last census of Norway, in 1875, the total population was 1,817,000, of which 886,000 were males and 931,000 females, being at the rate of 488 males and 512 females to every 1,000 of the population. In Sweden the proportion of births is at the rate of 511 boys to 489 girls out of the 1,000; but the mortality is in favor of the females, for the census returns of 1876 showed 486 men to 514 women out of every 1,000 of the population.

—MEXICO has a mining excitement which rivals the Leadville (Col.) craze. The bonanza is at Pararas, 720 miles west of Matamorras, and so close to the boundary line between Durango, Coahuila and Chihuahua that all those States are contending for the prize. The General Government has taken possession of it until it can be decided by actual survey in which State it is. The mines are called Mojado and yield both gold and silver in such profusion that laborers are deserting the crops to dig for them, and the fever has extended as far as Matamorras.

—THE treasurer's report at the annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, held in Syracuse, N. Y., last week, showed that the Board has received and expended from the beginning about \$17,000,000; has organized not far from 350 native churches, with about 83,000 communicants; has sent out 550 ordained missionaries and about 250 unmarried lady missionaries; has reduced to writing twenty-six languages; has issued in forty-six languages upwards of 2,300 different educational and religious publications and has had under instruction more than 400,000 pupils. About 1,000,000 of the unevangelized are reckoned as falling to the care of the American Board.



NEW YORK.—SUMMER LIFE AT NIAGARA FALLS.—A BRIDAL PARTY MAKING A TRIP UNDER THE AMERICAN FALLS.—"A BREATHING SPOT ON THE ROUTE"—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 127.



LOVE'S LAUGHTER.

I.—HER LAUGH.

NO hollow, heartless sound whereto the light
That fills with sheer glad heartedness glad eyes
Is lacking, not the mocking laugh gold buys
To cheer the long-drawn watches of the night
And bar Fate's hungry beagles out of sight;
Nay, but the clear, full laugh of one who sighs
Anon when she recalls how laughter dies
In weeping, yet laughs now in wrong's despite.

Thus laughed my lady, and the flushing red
Leaped to her kissed mouth, lighting up her throat
And softly-molded chin, and all o'erspread
Her low sweet brow, round which Love's fancies
float.

I think the tresses of Madonna's head,
Shook at God's benison to no happier note.

II.—HIS LAUGH.

My lady asked me why I laughed one night,
Her soft, round arms encircling me the while,
Her gray eyes gleaming with love's gracious guile,
And all her fragrant fairness, red and white,
Outstaring heart's ease, heart's hope, heart's delight,
What marvel if, thus basking in her smile,
My heart should seek to voice in fittest style
The gladness that is holiest in Love's sight?

And, for all answer, I but laughed again,
Since words to speak my inmost thoughts were vain;
The precious fragrance that her love distills
The joy's completeness that her love fulfills
Deep in my soul's remote recess concur
To make my laughter but the breath of her!

JOHN MORAN.

QUEEN LILY AND ROSE IN ONE.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

PROUD? Maud was not proud. Only that morning she had smiled up into his eyes and said, "Thank you, Frank!" If Maud would only not be angry! Father would give him Avonbank House and farm when the lease was out in two years; he had spoken of it before. And the house was a good one when nicely furnished; a gentleman might bring his wife to live at Avonbank. She seemed to like the place; she might be happy there—Maud might; and he would try—heaven knows how he would try to make her happy! And he would work night and day and strive to make money that he might have it to give to Maud—to his beautiful Maud—Maud his own—his very own—money enough to make Maud's life pleasant, to buy her white dresses and her dainty gloves and her feathered hats, to keep her from all trouble or care, so that not even the winds of heaven should light too roughly on her golden hair. Could he dare to think of it?

In his agitation he had forgotten his purpose of concealment, and was pacing on slowly on the grass-grown path. He remembered it now, and knew that, as Maud had left her seat at the sycamore-tree, she was coming this way—knew that, just beyond him, a little way in the dewy gloom of the primrose-scented lane, Maud—his Maud—was coming to meet him.

"Maud, my love, my darling!"—made his by the despotism of his young strong passionate devotion, made his by the right of the love he bore her from the first hour, the first moment he saw her and felt in the wordless depths of his heart the emotion of which another sang:

"Haunted by the starry head
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate."

"Maud, my own love! Maud, my pride, my treasure, my darling!"

Almost aloud he had uttered it, when he saw through a screen of hawthorn-boughs the glimmer of Maud's white dress. He saw Maud's white dress, and beside it the outline of another figure—a man's figure—a man who was walking beside Maud, a man whose voice he heard, whose face he knew ere he had seen it.

To get out of their way, out of their sight, was his first blind impulse, and in another moment he had sprung over the hedge, through the fierce resistance of dog-rose and hawthorn-branches, and, holding fast to the tangled clumps of meadow-sweet and great burdock plants which grew in rank luxuriance in the slimy depth of the dyke-water beneath, he looked and saw Maud—his Maud, his idolized first love—passing by, not seeing him, not thinking of him; for all her thoughts, her words, her looks, the smiles of her sweet mouth, and the light of her pure eyes were for him who walked beside her, on whose arm she leaned, whose head was bent low to the level of her wind-ruffled shining hair—that soldierly man, with his bold eyes, his gallant bearing, his white hands, his low, refined voice, his handsome well-set figure, adorned—not disfigured—by his dress, every inch a soldier and a gentleman—Sir George Canonbury.

"Hasn't Frank come in yet, Julia?" Mary asked, with bated breath, fearing her father might overhear, it being one of the many peculiarities of the redoubtable sire's household tyranny that no one member of the family should be absent at any time whatsoever unless by his express permission or desire. "My goodness, father! I'll be as mad as a March hare!" she went on, confidentially. "For he wants him to go over to Derrybane to ask Mr. Parnell for the loan of three of his horses for next week. There's top-dressing to be done for the meadows after the hay; and father says if we don't bespeak 'em in time, that maybe—Here he is!" And, foreseeing the impending cross questioning as the formidable "he" came in, Mary prudently went out to the dairy.

"Where's Frank?" growled Mr. O'Hara, sitting down with a lowering brow. "I don't know indeed, sir," Anastasia replied, briskly. "I've been ironing the whole evening, and was too busy to mind anything else."

Anastasia was smiling, and the smartness of her tone and air attracted even her father's

notice. He knit his heavy iron-gray brows as he looked at her.

"Do none of ye know where he is?" he demanded, turning round in his chair, and surveying the other occupants of the room threateningly.

Mary heard the angry tone, and, being—for private reasons of her own—extremely nervous at the idea of incurring her father's anger, staid outside the door in the dark entry and confided her fears to a quarter-cheese which she was carrying, in these words, the obscure meaning of which was best known to Miss Molly O'Hara herself:

"I know he'll come and tell father one of these days, and what'll I do then? I'd run into a rathen from father, if he goes and tells him anything!"

A circumstance had occurred that afternoon which might possibly tend to elucidation. Miss Molly O'Hara had been down at one of the drapers' shops in the town, and, on her way home, Doctor Tom Clarke, workhouse medical attendant and second dispensary doctor of Rathmore, had met her, had talked to her for the space of twenty minutes, and had parted from her with the injunction:

"Take care of yourself, Molly, or I'll have to go up and tell your father that I won't allow you to work so hard."

Well, but that was an ordinary professional friendly assurance, was it not? Molly O'Hara had no need to have walked home so fast afterwards, with an absent-minded air and such a pair of fiery-red cheeks!

Therefore Molly, listening timidly in the dark, quaked at her father's angry tone, although not addressed to her.

"I don't know where he is," Julia said, with a peevish moan at having to speak at all. "I saw him after tea, but not since."

The father muttered growlingly again, and then there was silence in the room for a minute, when, from the far end of the long oaken table, Maud looked up and spoke.

"I think Frank is in the house, sir. I think he is up-stairs in his bedroom."

"You think?" O'Hara repeated, roughly. "I don't want to think things—I want to be sure of them. Did you see him?"

"Yes; I saw him just now on the stairs."

Anastasia turned and stared at her in surprise; Mary's breath came quick and hard; even Julia's face lit up with a faint curiosity. Maud's pale face was deadly white; there were traces of tears around her damp eyelashes, her eyes sank before theirs in a confused, troubled manner, and her clear, low voice trembled and failed twice whilst she spoke.

"The deuce!" roared the head of the family. "What's taken him to bed without leave or license at this hour, I'd like to know? By Jove, this is what I call free and easy! Go up this minute"—to Mary—"and see what's this about!"

In a few minutes Mary returned, looking puzzled.

"He says he has a dreadful headache, sir, and feels ill," she said, in a frightened apologetic tone, "and he has gone to bed, and he couldn't stay up any longer; but he'll go over to Derrybane in the morning, if he's able."

"I don't want him to go if he's not able," the father replied, less gruffly. "You'd better take him up a basin of hot whey. He's got a cold—that's what it is."

Obedient Mary made the basin of hot whey, and carried it to her brother's room, who took it from her hand, but bade her leave her light outside, as it hurt his eyes, and the twilight was enough for him.

Honest, slow-witted Molly was greatly puzzled at this, and, but for the pre-occupation of her mind with the puzzle concerning Doctor Tom Clarke, would have been more so; but, this greater difficulty having driven all lesser ones out of her head, she went to bed and fell at once into her sound labor-earned sleep, and dreamed that Doctor Clarke had come to pay her father a visit, and that she tried to get out of the room, but could not find the door.

Whilst Maud St. Crewe, after tossing in fevered sleeplessness all through the dark hours, waited only until the pearly-gray dawn-light stole into her room, when she rose, and, wrapping herself in dressing-gown and shawl, opened her door to go down to the garden, the fresh scents of which came in through her open window.

There was no one stirring at this hour surely? But, as she stepped out noiselessly into the corridor, she saw Frank's door at the farther end of the passage open likewise. With white lips and fast-throbbing heart Maud sprang back instantly, and saw him come out, carrying something in his hand; and, after listening and watching for a few moments, he went softly down-stairs. At sight of his face Maud had trembled and grown faint. It was only a pallid, haggard likeness of Frank's fresh, manly, spirited face. The features were set like those of one with a deep and vengeful purpose; they were dark with sullen misery, and across his brow and cheek there was a horrible mark—livid, swollen, and lacerated—like a brand.

As he stealthily passed her door, Maud saw that the bundle he carried in his hand consisted of some articles of clothing and a pair of boots. The boots and trousers were all wet, and begrimed with mud and traces of slimy weeds, and the collar of the coat—the light-gray coat he wore on the previous day—and a handkerchief, were all stained with blood.

CHAPTER III.

"IT'S powerful hot this morning, for so early in the year," Mr. O'Hara remarked, taking his place at the breakfast-table, around which all the members of the family, with one exception, were seated. "It's splendid weather for the wheat; if it only keeps up like this, in three weeks more that long field will be ripe. That ham looks

first-rate—Stasia, cut me some, and some for Maud, too. You're ten times the girl you were, Maud, since I made you eat ham and whole-meal bread. Any one would be a fool," Mr. O'Hara continued, candidly, "to refuse ham like this and Molly's fresh whole-meal bread."

The autocrat was evidently in a most genial mood. It may have been partly the influences of the dewy, sparkling May morning, so full of smiling life and beauty, the budding orchard-blossoms, the ripening fruit, the yellowing waves of the wheat-fields, the busy humming of the bees, the rose-petals fluttering over the white gravel, the fresh honey-fragrance of the new-mown clover in the "haggart." And it may have been in part the influences of the breakfast-table—the aroma of freshly-made coffee, the vision of newly-cut ham, pale coral-hued as to its lean, firm rose-white as to its fat—the crispness of newly-baked bread, brown, crusty and sweet as a toasted ear of barley.

"Frank not back from Derrybane yet? Maud, why don't you eat your breakfast?"

"I cannot, sir," the girl answered, faintly. "I do not feel well."

"Not feel well! What's the matter with you?"

"I don't know," she said, with a kind of desperation, pushing away the untasted food before her and rising to her feet with an involuntary impulse.

"What's the matter with you, I say?" Mr. O'Hara said, rising also in some perturbation and forcing her back into her chair. "What the deuce is come to you all? Frank ill last night, and wouldn't eat his supper—you ill this morning, and won't eat your breakfast!"

Maud sat silent. She could not have uttered a word unless she had given way to a sobbing outcry. Her limbs were trembling, her throat was swelling with hysterical emotion, and the presence of some boding terror and danger possessed her mind.

Some one was coming with news! Some one was coming to the house to tell something dreadful! Some one was coming—coming—coming up the back lane—coming nearer—nearer to tell something!

"You won't say what's the matter with you, then? Very well, miss!"

Old O'Hara was chuckling excessively, his blue eyes full of mischievous glee, and Anastasia drew her head up with a contemptuous sniff as she watched her father stooping down to peer into Maud's white face, and softly slapping her shoulders whilst he shook with suppressed mirth at his own thoughts.

"It's very queer, Maud—very queer. It's the queerest thing I've heard of this long time—you and Frank to both fall ill in this way! I hope it isn't anything infectious, eh, Maud?"

Still Maud made no reply, whilst Mr. O'Hara, with unabated mirth, persisted in his suggestions.

"You were out walking too late last night, Maud. Frank's caught cold, and you caught cold—or maybe you had a quarrel?"

Visibly before them all Maud started and shrank at the question, and across her pained white face there swept a crimson flush.

"Aha, young lady—aha," the father said, laughing still, but his voice changing. "I've run you to earth at last, have I? Oh, bless you, child, don't bother about that! Quarrel and make it up again—fall out and fall in again—kiss and be friends twenty times over—all sweethearts do that!"

"My gracious me!" Miss Anastasia muttered through her teeth, and she bestowed a glare of ineffable contempt on the back of her father's head, which was turned to her.

But in her father's uproarious outburst of laughter Molly joined most heartily. Father was in such a pleasant humor this morning! And he was so dreadfully clever at finding out things.

But Maud rose to her feet again, and spoke firmly and laughingly, although her voice trembled audibly and her hands clasped and unclasped themselves in convulsive nervousness.

"You quite mistake, sir; I do not understand your allusions to your son. I was not out with him yesterday evening. I never spoke to him for the whole afternoon until I met him on the stairs—" She stopped abruptly, her face flushing again.

"Well, Miss Maud, and what did you say to him on the stairs?" O'Hara went on, bantering, but his good-temper fast giving way. "We shall have it all out soon, in spite of your denials. A little chit like you giving yourself such airs! I won't allow that, my young lady. I'll soon make my son clear up my mistake if you don't."

"If he dare!"

The girl's face was almost transformed in a blaze of passionate scorn, and her soft violet eyes flashed with defiant light.

"By Jove!" O'Hara commenced, in astonishment, "one would think that—" when he suddenly stopped at hearing his own name pronounced in tones of distress in the kitchen—in the kitchen, from which sounded the tramp and shuffle of feet and a confused hum of voices in low tones, broken by ejaculations of horror and distress.

"What's the matter? What's wrong?" the father said, looking around at his daughters, not noisily and angrily, as was his wont, when puzzled and alarmed, but in a low, hoarse voice, his ruddy cheeks fading to sickly wanness.

No one answered, stirred, or scarcely breathed. There was a dead, awful pause for a few seconds in the kitchen, and then footsteps came slowly across the passage, the parlor door opened, and Doctor Clarke entered the room.

"How are you, Mr. O'Hara? I am glad to see you looking so well. I suppose you are surprised to see me at this hour?" he said, cordially and cheerfully, so that Molly for an instant distractedly thought he must be coming "to say something" to father concerning her, there and then, before them all.

"I am surprised to see you," the father said, huskily, staring at the young doctor, threateningly. "You've come to tell me some thing; out with it—out with it, doctor, this minute! My son—"

"Well, it's just about him. I came for fear any one else should run in with a big story and frighten you all," the young doctor said, nervously, in spite of his struggles to control himself.

"He's not—not dead?" O'Hara said, slowly. "You wouldn't dare to come in like this—if you came to tell me—my boy was dead?"

"Heaven forbid!" replied the doctor, earnestly. "He's alive and well, Mr. O'Hara; but—but there's been an awful piece of work. I wouldn't tell it before the young ladies," he said, with an apologetic glance at Mary, "only I know there will be others to tell them. A man has been found dead—murdered—in Avonbank Lane, and—and Frank said something or did something foolish; and they have taken up the notion that he had something to tell about it. Of course it's the greatest nonsense ever was heard of!" the young surgeon cried, earnestly. "I'd as soon suspect my own brother, or my sister for that matter, as an honest, kind-hearted fellow like Frank, and I said so to every one! Upon my word, I think that old Parnell must be doing to grant a warrant—"

"A warrant to arrest my son for—for murder?" O'Hara shouted, the veins in his forehead and temples swelling up like whip-cords in his rage. "Who's dared to it? Who's dared, I say? Clarke, is it that gouty old hare-brained fool of a Parnell? He'll repent it to his dying day if he has!"

"Hush, sir! There's no use in giving way to one's feelings," Tom Clarke said, shutting the parlor door; "he could not well help it, I suppose. Frank got so mixed up in the affair, and, like a fool, in his excitement, poor fellow, kept saying things, though Sutton the constable told him not. Besides, a man saw him doing something with some clothes. It'll all come out on the trial—there will have to be a trial of course. The poor fellow was brutally murdered—there's no doubt about that."

O'Hara turned suddenly on finding his arm clutched with a vise-like grasp, and saw that Maud was clinging to him for support, her limbs swaying under her, her wild, white face and frenzied eyes fixed on Doctor Clarke.

"Who was he? Who is the murdered man?" he said, hurriedly.

Every eye in the room was fixed on Maud, and the surgeon's voice sounded in her ears like a death-warrant.

"The guest of Parnell, of Derrybane, Sir George Canonbury."

And Maud St. Crewe fell to the floor insensible.

Where the primroses bloomed their sweetest, where the rabbits frisked merrily in the dewy shade and cropped the pale-green deergrass, where the fallen snow of hawthorn blossoms yet sprinkled the mossy sod beneath, there they had found the murdered man, with just one flicker of amber sunshine, which had found its way through the interlacing boughs overhead, playing over his dead upturned face, his nerveless limbs, his white outstretched hand, his dark hair all dank with the night-dews, and with something else darker and more awful than the mists of heaven—the life-blood of a human heart whose tide the spirit had ebbd away.

There it lay, the prone, disfigured, helpless form, on which the previous day's sun had shone in the bloom of manly prime and the gallant grace of a highborn young soldier.

Through the dewy sunlit lane, beneath the swaying boughs and the joyous singing birds, they had carried it home, that heavy burden that lay so still in its awfully suggestive outlines beneath the coarse rug covering. They had held an inquest; and the jurors, after they had each one stolen back softly from the silent room where the blinds were drawn and heard the evidence of the witnesses, pronounced their verdict—"Willful murder."

"Willful murder"—and Frank O'Hara was committed to prison until the Summer assizes should commence—in about three weeks—when he should stand to take his trial for the murder of Sir George Canonbury.

For, in the face of the overwhelming evidence which implicated him, there was no second course to be pursued; and the activity shown by Mr. Parnell in granting the warrant for Frank's arrest, which had so enraged the father's feelings against his neighbor, was due in part only to his having an old grudge against O'Hara, which, being a cautious man, he forbore to gratify until he could do so with a show of right on his side. Besides, the murdered man had been a valued guest—later on it was discovered that he had been a hoped-for son-in-law. But John Parnell of Derrybane's ready acquiescence in granting the power which branded O'Hara's only son as a suspected felon at the best, and sent him to a prison cell, was due in part only to embittered feelings; for Frank O'Hara had by his own acts, his own words almost, plainly showed a guilty knowledge concerning the dark deed of that May evening.

Nothing could be more conclusive, people said—people who were Frank's acquaintances, neighbors, friends nearly. It was awful; they could not have believed it if they had not heard what they had. They were afraid it looked bad, very bad. Every one knew the O'Haras had dreadful tempers. Why, old Robert O'Hara would do anything when his blood was up—and Frank was the image of him! And then the cause—jealousy! There was a whisper first, coming no one knew whence, which swelled into a roar of rumor's thousand tongues; and far and wide, with a score of lying additions, the story spread that it was for love of that white-faced, yellow-haired, half-foreign girl who had come to live at the Castle that young O'Hara had incurred

the scaffold's doom. He had loved her—and the old, old story—she had played him false for the sake of a richer lover, the titled man. It was an evil day for poor old Robert O'Hara, they said, when he was first befuddled by that proud pale-faced young widow he had married. Like mother, like daughter, sure enough; and now he would rue to his dying day the hour he had brought this French coquette into his house to ruin his son and disgrace his name. Wonderful tales, indeed, became rife as to the evil propensities and peculiarities of the fair stately girl of whom no one knew anything, save that she dressed, as the good ladies of the town of Rathmore said, "like a play-actress," and spoke with a foreign accent, which they were pleased to consider was "pride."

And she? None save heaven could ever tell what those dreadful days wrought in that pure, proud, gentle heart, when Frank O'Hara lay in prison under the ban of murder, and she was looked upon by every one as his temptress, the fair witch by whose glamour a soul was blood-stained and two lives were lost.

They were merciless to her—poor, fair, friendless Maud.

Those who liked Frank O'Hara and did not wish to believe him guilty without good cause were eager to affix the cause to her; those who hated him said he had but done what scores of other hot-headed, fiery young criminals had done before—murder a rival in hot blood or cold blood, as the case might be; those who loved Frank O'Hara were most merciless of all.

The gray-headed father, who was crushed with shame and misery, cursed the girl whose vanity and ambition had been his son's undoing; the sister, who strove from her kind heart to pity the hapless young creature who was alone amongst enemies, but hated her, too, for Frank's woe and disgrace.

And so the time wore on, and the day of trial came; and in the dock of the crowded court Frank O'Hara stood, haggard and pale, but erect, looking his fellow-men in the face with quiet eyes; and in the witness-box, to bear her fatal testimony against his life, was Maud St. Crewe. A clever lawyer, retained for the defense, had instructed her what to say and what to leave unsaid. The witnesses who had gone before her had given the cross-examining lawyer for the other side very little information, and been as clever as shrewd Irish witnesses generally are in totally evading the point of the question and turning it against their questioner; but yet Maud felt in an agony that parched her lips and made her very heart ache with fear, that, say as little as she might, it would be too much.

A murmur ran through the whole court as she stood up in her soft black dress, with her golden hair pushed back feverishly off her brow, where the blue veins mapped themselves so plainly, and beneath which her large eyes shone like stars as she glanced around, and a frightened flush tinged all her delicate face like a June rose.

Once only she looked on the prisoner at the bar, and then turned quickly away; and the lawyer for the defense frowned as she looked, for she had seen poor Frank's sunken eyes filled with passionate love, his mouth tremulous with pity for her, and it had quite overthrown what resolution and calmness she was striving to retain.

When at length they relieved her from the torture of her protracted examination, and she was carried fainting out of the court by Doctor Clarke and Mary, the unhappy girl felt in the depths of her agonized consciousness that the testimony which the inquisitorial genius of the lawyer had wrung from her in that three-quarters of an hour had already, in the minds of the jury, sent Frank to the condemned cell and the felon's grave.

(To be concluded in our next.)

BENEATH THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

IT was a lovely day in September as the artist and I lounged in a superb palace-car, rolling over the road that leads the expectant tourist to the Falls of Niagara, via the charming Erie route. There were two brand-new brides and a pair of brand-new bridegrooms, full of honey and moonshine, seated as far from us and as near to one another as circumstances would by any human possibility permit. They had no eyes for the enchanting scenery of the Susquehanna! What were the glories of the Delaware to them? One bride wore a blue plush hat surmounted by a yellow bird of forbidding and vulture-like aspect, and a gray costume, an eruption of silken rosettes; while the other was dustered up to her chin, her bonnet—or was it a bonnet?—being all angles, which constantly poked themselves into her Edwin's amorous eyes. How they gushed and spooned, and gazed idiotically! How seldom they spoke! How hand met hand, and, as the shades of night fell upon the earth, how the arm of Edwin stole round the waist of Angelina, and I know that the owner of the dustered lady found the material of which her overall was composed remarkably unclutterable. The blue-hatted bride ate like an ancient Briton, demanding fresh relays while her mouth was yet full, and ordering about the waitresses in a manner that indicated to me what a time the meek-looking little man at her side, who put pepper in his tea instead of sugar, and timidly tapped on the top of his egg with a runaway knock, was likely to have of it in the near future. The dustered lady turned up her nose at everything, and ate a solitary pickled cucumber with an air of disdain, while her *caro sposo*, who was of a frugal turn of mind, pocketed a clumsily made sandwich, and drove a hard bargain for a couple of fleabitten-looking apples.

At Buffalo, the quartet followed us into the drawing-room car, and as the light was of the dimmest, we lost sight of them—their whereabouts being only ascertainable through the medium of hushed whispers and the chirping sounds with which the fond mother rewarded her smiling babe—until the train reached Niagara, when Blue Hat sharply demanded of the stage-driver if supper would be served at the hotel, and Duster announced her disgust at being compelled to ride in a public vehicle. We put up at the Spencer House, so did the "set of spoons," and the last thing I heard, as I ascended bedwards, was Blue Hat denouncing the sleepy clerk for not having a meal for travelers arriving by the night train.

The artist and I rose betimes, and, having breakfasted to the music of the roar of the Falls, proceeded to visit Goat Island and the Three Sisters Islands. Lord! what a sensation it is to stand on the low-lying bridge, between the first and second Sisters, and watch the Rapids flash past in great sheets of plate-glass, frosted with myriads of glittering diamonds! One feels as if one had found a resort of Nature. From Goat Island we took a turn amongst the Indian antiquities and curiosities manufactured in—New York. Here we espied Blue Hat investing in feather-fans, in cameos, in kholios, in snowshoes, in Lacrosse bats, in moccasins, and fifty other knick-knacks of an equally valuable nature, while the expression on the face of her husband was that of sullen despair. We entered Prospect Park, and after taking a "deep deep draught" of "the antithesis of Nature"—for Niagara is all contrasted charms, in the Titanic strength and majesty of the cataract, and the soft young tendrils that bathe their verdure in its spray; in the wild, distracted, maniac surge, and the delicate rainbow shining in its embrace; in the whirlwind roar of falling floods, and the braided lullaby of lapsing streams—we took our seats in the Inclined Railway, and in a few seconds sped down 160 feet to the edge of the strangely green waters that seethe and boil and foam and whirl as they rush into the awful jaws of the Whirlpool Rapids.

Having been invited by a stalwart guide to pass beneath the Shadow of the Rock, in other words, to go under the Falls, and having somewhat hesitatingly responded in the affirmative, as the spray was dashing over the roof of the building and rising before us from the green waters like a bridal veil, we were each ushered into a sort of cell, containing a round stool, a rack to hang clothes upon, a very blurred, very small mirror, a brush of moldy appearance, a comb of disreputable contour, and a tin box to contain one's valuables. Presently the guide returned, bearing with him a flannel shirt, a pair of flannel continuations, and flannel shoes built very much after the fashion of the buskins worn by Robinson Crusoe. Having undressed and entered these uninviting-looking garments, I was handed a pair of oilskin overalls, and an oilskin pea-jacket with a hood to it. This the guide fastened by a running cord tight round my face, leaving nothing visible but my nose. The artist, similarly equipped, presented the appearance of an Esquimaux who had been considerably oiled, and a *pas de deux* performed by us did not bring down the house; but how could it when last Winter 750 tons of ice failed to do so? We now awaited two couples who were preparing their toilets in their respective cells, and when they emerged, arrayed *à la Boyton*, I could scarcely refrain from an exclamation! They were the "set of spoons" with whom we had traveled from New York. Such guys as they looked, especially the menkind, for somehow or other, no matter what a woman puts on, she can make it coquettish, and I doubt if Blue Hat did not appear more *piquante* in her oilskin hood than in that plush abomination with the orange bird-of-prey perched on top. Duster was rather coy on the subject of coming out of her cell, but as everybody had a good stare at her while she was yet within its walls, she at length consented to take her husband's arm and "tempt the dangerous gloom." How we did cringe as we stepped on the sharp, biting stones, the whole party doubling up as if by magic. What a relief it was to get on the slippery gangway, and despite the blinding spray and deafening roar of the cataract, to gaze at the rainbow. How lovingly the Edwins clung to their Angelinas—these Edwins had been suffering from new and tight boots, and locomotion was not only painful but difficult—and how tenderly they hugged the partners of their joys! How pretty the faces of the brides looked as, washed with spray, "they smiled through their tears like the sunbeam in showers." The Edwins were for remaining on the platform, but the Angelinas, by vigorous pantomimes, decided otherwise, and again we passed over the grinding stones, doubled up like boot-jacks, till we reached another platform, slippery as greased ice. The thunder of the Falls now was deafening, while the water came over us in bucketfuls. Here the guide intimated to us—we could not hear one word that he said—that we were to walk backwards, so I caught the artist by the hips, the artist caught a foreign gentleman who joined the party at the last moment, and like crabs we crossed the treacherous boards to a set of steps, the "set of spoons" in advance and in the same ungraceful position. A few strides placed us beneath the Falls, and all became suddenly darkened, while the water played upon us with ten thousand shower-bath power, taking away every breath in our respective bodies. Suddenly we came to a halt, the guide having by a dexterous twist turned the entire party into a sort of niche in the rock, where we were enabled at least to breathe, though we were huddled together like so many sheep. The Edwins now clung frantically to their Angelinas, their lips moving, but no sound could be heard. After a delay of a few seconds—they seemed an age—we moved into deeper darkness and into deeper water; then, having

received a very direct impetus from behind, retraced our steps, and after a slippery journey, panting, breathless, palpitating, shivering and wet to the skin, we reached the blistering shingle and our respective dressing-rooms.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Otto Funke, Professor of Physiology at the University of Freiburg in Baden, has just died at the comparatively early age of fifty-one years.

It is said that the juice of the carica, a vegetable product of Brazil, will dissolve the false membranes which obstruct the throat of a patient suffering from croup. This substance is used in Brazil in the curing of meat, and also to destroy intestinal worms.

Latest Advice from the west coast of Africa states that Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, and his followers had arrived at Sierra Leone from Zanzibar. It is the evident intention of Stanley to complete the exploration of the Congo River from this coast, and steam launches and machinery for hauling boats up the rapids are being prepared for the purpose.

The Wine-growers of France have just held a convention at which the chief topic of interest was the much-ventilated phylloxera question. The German viticulturists have also met at Coblenz, and the impending destruction of the vine was also seriously considered. In both countries the only remedy suggested was the introduction of an entirely new seedling from the United States.

The Stearate of Soda, in the proportion of about fifty grammes of the soap to one thousand of alcohol of specific gravity 66, when mixed with water renders the penetration of fluids impossible, and prevents the formation of fungi—the paint thus treated can be washed down with boiling water, without injury. For sick wards of hospitals or in cattle sheds disinfecting materials can be added.

The International Society for the prevention of the pollution of rivers, the soil and the atmosphere, held its third meeting at Baden-Baden, September 16th and 17th. The society aims to interest sanitary engineers in all countries in a systematic plan for the protection of the people against the encroachments of manufacturers and the dangers of imperfect drainage and sewage. It is a large subject to handle, and needs the prefix "international" to help it along.

M. Galtier has been making some studies on hydrophobia, and for the purpose of investigation employs the rabbit. True hydrophobia can be transmitted to this animal, causing paralysis and convulsions. Salicylic acid administered by hypodermic injection daily did not prevent development of the disorder in the rabbit. The saliva of a mad dog, obtained from the living animal, and preserved in water, is virulent, in some cases, even twenty-four hours afterwards.

The Artificial Culture of the muscle or limpet is extensively practiced in the Department of Charente, in the Bay of Aiguillon, France, where the industry was founded eight centuries ago by Walton, a shipwrecked Irishman. By closely observing what took place in nature, he was enabled to make his discovery. He found that the stakes driven in to hold nets were soon covered with muscles, and was led by this to invent the system of hurdles which is still employed. The hurdles of Walton have been somewhat modified by having only one wing at an angle to the sea instead of two. There are at Aiguillon 1,600 or 1,800 hurdles, which bring in an annual income of 800,000 francs.

The Treatment of cutaneous diseases by balsam of Peru or storax has been thoroughly tried in the hospitals and army practice of Europe and found to be most efficacious. The first of these remedies has the advantage of an agreeable odor, but the price is very high. It was first recommended in the German army by Dr. Basch in 1853. A single application well made is sufficient to destroy the itch insect. The quantity to be employed is minute, a few drops being sufficient for the whole body. The ointment must be applied with great care, avoiding all friction. Storax can be substituted for the balsam in the following proportions: Storax 4 parts, alcohol 2 parts, olive oil 1 part—15 grammes as an application. The operation of this remedy is less rapid but equally certain.

The Identity of Light and Heat.—Both phenomena are identical in character but different in degree. A solid body when highly heated throws out rays of light. The strength of this light is proportional to the height of temperature, and it is a remarkable circumstance that nearly all solids begin to glow at the same degree, which is given by Daniell at about 980°C., by Wedgwood at 947°, by Draper at 977°. The intensity of the light increases in greater proportion than the temperature. For example, platinum at 2,000° gives out forty times more light than at 1,900°. When we heat metals to glowing they assume all the colors of the spectrum, and with higher temperature the dispersion of the rays increase. At 1,000° we have the red, at 1,200° the orange, at 1,300° the yellow, at 1,500° the blue, at 1,700° the violet rays. There are now new elements to be studied since the discovery by Edison of the behavior of metals when heated by the electric current in *vacuo*. The temperature at which metals treated in this way begin to glow and to give the colors of the spectrum remains to be studied.

Action of Anesthetics on Plants.—Chloral does not act as an anesthetic on the sensitive plant; ether and chloroform behave in the same way towards plants that they do to animals, and it is all the same whether these reagents penetrate by the leaves or the roots. The petioles fall suddenly and successively from below upwards as chloroform absorbed by the roots reaches their insertion. Hence the rate of absorption can easily be calculated. The velocity increases from the base to the top, and is one and a half times to twice as great in the petioles as in the stem. Thus plant life and animal life closely approach each other. Not only do vegetables seize upon insects and devour them, but they are also subject to the action of anesthetics the same as animals. The question is, where does consciousness come in? What we call life is found far down in the series until we reach protoplasm, but where is the starting-point of conscious existence?

"From life to consciousness the chasm
Cannot be bridged by protoplasm.
All flesh is grass, but chlorophyll
Can all man's duties not fulfill."

The Hanover Polytechnic School.—The new building for the use of the Polytechnic Institute at Hanover was inaugurated October 6th. Deputations from the principal similar institutions of Germany took part in the proceedings. There was a farewell meeting in the deserted halls of the old building, and a procession from thence through the main street to the Royal Palace, which has been fitted up at great expense for the uses of the school. It is probable that no scientific institution in the world is lodged in such regal style, and for all practical purposes the architectural display of towers and minarets which adorn the building could be dispensed with. The professors would be glad at any time to exchange some of their extravagant carvings for a moderate increase of salary and more money to spend on their collections. Several million dollars were spent on the building when it was intended for a palace, and a million or more has been devoted to adapting the edifice to the purposes of a school. An entirely new structure vastly better suited to the wants of the institution could have been built for less money than the repairs have cost.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT has accepted the Vice-Presidency of a British society organized to prevent the destruction of precious historical edifices and sites.

PRESIDENT and Mrs. Hayes have been visiting the tomb of President Lincoln, at Springfield, Ill. The sarcophagus was decorated with quantities of flowers and with a portrait of Lincoln.

OUR credit in the last issue of this paper for the admirable photographs of General Grant and his parlor in the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, should have been given to J. W. Taber, instead of Faber.

A COMMITTEE of clergymen and laymen, including Dissenters, are making an effort to secure the means for erecting a statue to William Tyndall on the Thames Embankment. As projected, it will cost about \$20,000.

MISS LILY AYER, only daughter of the late Dr. Ayer, is said to be engaged to Don Philippe de Bourbon, son of the Count of Aquila, uncle to the ex-King Francis II. of Naples, and grandson of Dom Pedro I., Emperor of Brazil.

BISMARCK has suggested to Andrassy—as a means of further cementing the alliance between the two Powers—the marriage of the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany and Princess Valerie, daughter of the Empress of Austria.

ISHAM G. HARRIS, United States Senator of Tennessee, is largely interested in sheep-raising in Texas, whence he has just returned well pleased with his success, notwithstanding heavy losses caused by deaths from the extreme cold last Winter.

THE Ministry of Instruction at Rome having been petitioned by Professor Cogo, of Padua, to appoint instructors in the homeopathic theories in the universities of the country, has declined to do so, saying that homeopathy is the negation of all positive science.

GOVERNOR WILLIAM CLAPLIN, of Boston, has presented to the Freedman's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by Dr. Rust, the deed of the League property, adjoining the Clavin University, consisting of thirty-one acres and buildings, valued at \$8,000.

A PROCLAMATION recently issued by the King of Siam declared that hereafter every man shall be allowed to worship God unmolested and according to the dictates of his own conscience. This means that converts to Christianity will not be forced to worship spirits or to work on Sunday.

AN American newspaper seems to be running King Alfonso's courtship, and announces that he kissed his betrothed on the forehead, whereupon bells were rung and cannon fired. When he gets to her lips the least that can be done will be to blow up the Escorial with nitro-glycerine.

MISS JENNIE FLOOD, who, according to report, is betrothed to U. S. Grant, Jr., is the only daughter of Mr. James C. Flood, the head of the Bank of Nevada, and, next to Mr. Mackey, the richest man on the Pacific Slope. Miss Flood is about twenty-four years old, has dark brown, luxuriant hair, blue eyes, full face, beautiful teeth, and a tall, handsome form.

COUNT HENRI DE CASTIGLIONE, of Hartford, forty-nine years old, is dead. He came of a distinguished family in Italy, entered the service of Victor Emmanuel as a page, and continued for years as his confidential companion. He served in the Crimea. He came to this country in the interest of the Zoological Garden near Turin, and married a Miss Porter, of Hartford.

PROFESSOR EDWARD S. MORSE, of Salem, has returned home after some years' residence in Japan as professor of natural history in one of the universities there. He spent two years in Satsuma and the southern provinces, dredging, examining the caves, and investigating evidences of prehistoric races. The last year was spent in Yezo, and he returned overland to Tokio, a distance of six hundred miles.

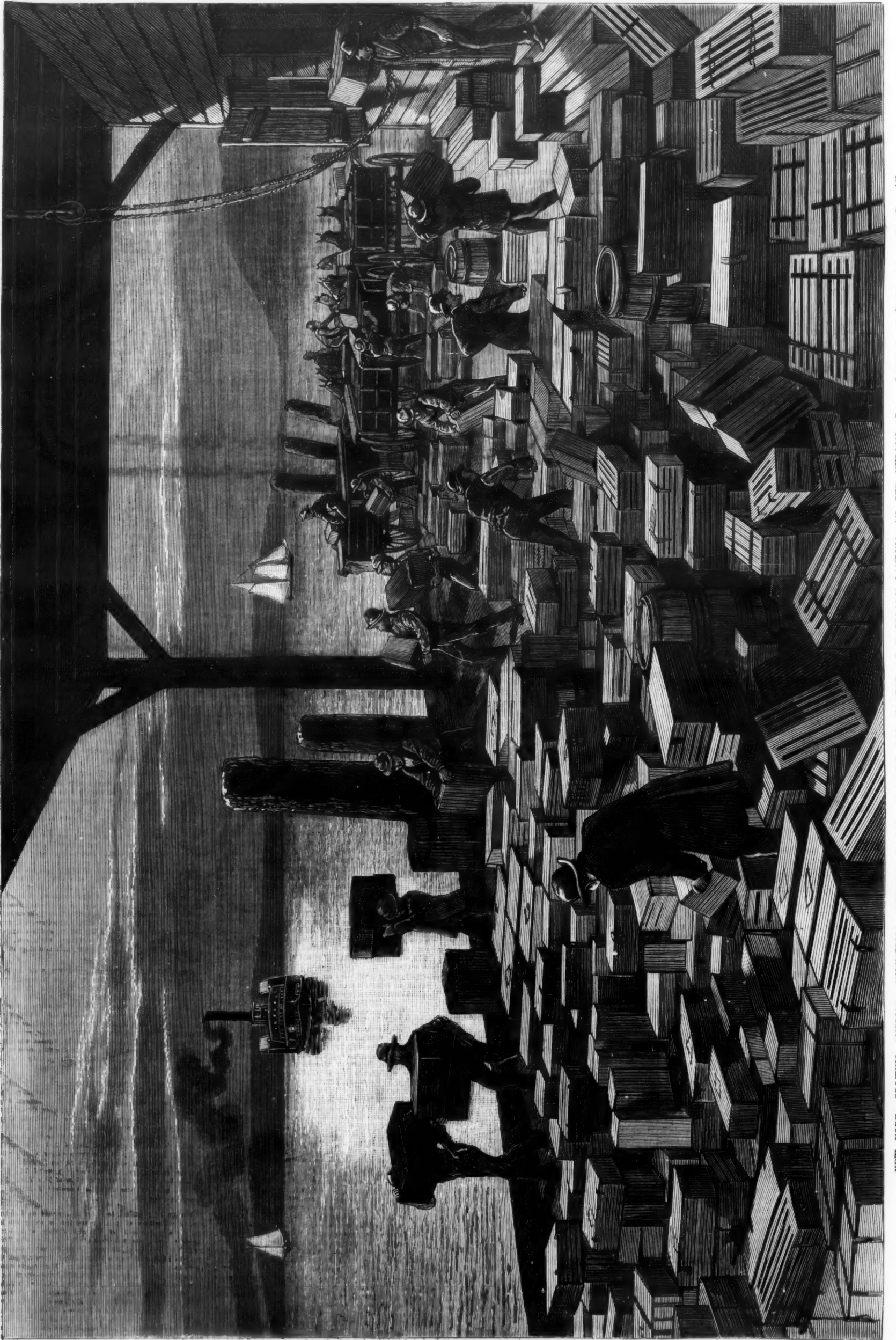
THE ex-Empress Eugénie has, it is asserted, declared her intention to live in absolute retirement, so that a settlement of her fortune will be necessary. Her son's will is not exactly valid according to English law, not having been signed by the testator in the presence of two witnesses; but as the Empress alone could test the validity of it, no opposition will be raised on this point. The property to be sold to pay the legacies not having been indicated, the executors will have to choose those portions which can be sold to the best advantage.

PRINCE BISMARCK was accompanied to Vienna by the Princess and his son, Count William Bismarck. The latter is physically very much like his father, and is very popular in Berlin. He is a member of the German Reichstag, and is frequently on the special committees of that assembly. "Count Bill," as he is called in Berlin, distinguished himself during the Franco-German War as a common soldier in the ranks, and his late was often a cause of anxiety for Prince Bismarck. He is now constantly with his father, and is a chip of the old block.

MR. GEORGE ARTHUR GARDINER, a nephew by marriage of Prescott, the historian, died in Brooklyn on the 27th ultimo of what is said by his physician to have been arsenical poisoning, caused by the filling in a decayed tooth designed to kill an aching nerve. On the 11th of September he had the tooth filled by a dentist of Boston. Soon after he began to show symptoms of poisoning, and before he died, two weeks later, every connection between the head and body, except the spine, had been eaten through. This is the first case of the kind on record, although arsenic is frequently used by dentists to kill sensitive nerves.

THE obituary record of the past week contains the names of William H. Powell, the historical painter, who died suddenly October 6th, aged 56; General Francis L. Vinton, military and mining engineer, October 6th; Rev. Dr. F. J. Fabisch, President of Mount St. Mary's Seminary, near Cincinnati, Ohio; John W. Keene, inventor of the Remington-Keene magazine gun, aged 53; Rev. Dr. Thomas Shepard, of Bristol, R. I., October 6th, aged 87; Edward Seguin, the opera singer, October 9th, aged 44; General George Vickers, ex-United States Senator from Maryland, October 8th, aged 71, Hon. Horatio Ballard, ex-Secretary of State of New York, October 9th, aged 77; the Princess Caroline Bonaparte, at Rome, October 9th.

WHAT is reputed to be the largest and handsomest collection of postage-stamps in existence has just been purchased by Edward Wölfer, a dealer in papeterie and postage-stamps of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, for \$2,000. Von Volpi, a leading physician in the Bavarian army in 1866, and now a journalist of Trieste, took ten years to get the collection together. It contains specimens that are among the rarest and handsomest to be found, some of them having a market value with collectors of \$15 to \$20 each. The total number of stamps in the collection is about 12,000. English and French collectors are traveling to Frankfurt to examine it. Before he began this collection Von Volpi had made another which, though not equally fine and extensive with the one now sold, was the best in existence then. It was purchased by the British Museum.



NEW YORK.—GROWING AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.—SHIPPING GRAPES AT NIGHT, FOR MARKET, AT MARLBORO' LANDING, ON THE HUDSON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 121.

"ENCHANTMENT."

"ENCHANTMENT" is one of the most gorgeous spectacles that has ever been placed on any stage. It glitters, it sparkles, it dazzles. It is full of bewildering surprises and marvelous effects. It glows with the wondrous combinations of vivid and varied coloring. It excites, interests, amuses, enchants. In one act we have the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" retold, and told as Scheherazade never could tell them. In the second, we are splitting our sides over the most *outré* of burlesques. In a third, the sense of vision is banqueted upon *spectacle*, such as would puzzle the Châtelet in Paris or the Alhambra in London to equal. We have knights and paladins, we have goblins and fairies, we have horses and monkeys. We see life as Old Time must behold it, melting away like the baseless fabric of a vision. We behold giants reaching to the skies, and dwarfs that scarcely "cumber Mother Earth." We have processions under lights that never were seen on sea or land. We have ballets which for glitter and magnificence surpass the Nautch festivals gotten up for the Prince of Wales while in India. Never were such delicious harmonies of tint, never more elaborate and superb costumes, while the *coryphées* are graceful, elegantly formed, and *chic* to the last degree.

The *premières danseuses* are the living exponents of the poetry of motion, and to witness their giddy, yet graceful, gyrations is one of the greatest treats in this admirable spectacle. The humorous side of "Enchantment" is as vivid in its way as is the sensuously picturesque. The scene in the bridal chamber, between the ardent bridegroom and his eccentric bride, *alias* a monkey, which has usurped the bridal veil and stolen into the room, is one of the best bits of screaming farce ever witnessed, while the subtler humor in the scene, in the land where people live but a day, enjoying all the sweets and bitters of life, from the cradle to the final "pull out of the brief candle," is worthy of the fancy of Gilbert. The entrance of the horse that in a few minutes turns from a fat, well-kept, well-groomed charger to a steed such as even Don Quixote would have spurned with contempt, is productive of the most exhaustive mirth.

The puppets, too, are so horribly natural, the deception of the living head so perfect, that even the knowing ones are for the nonce puzzled as to the *modus operandi*. The vocal performance is quite on a par with the remainder of the piece, many of the songs insuring double encores. The French Davene family; Molva, the

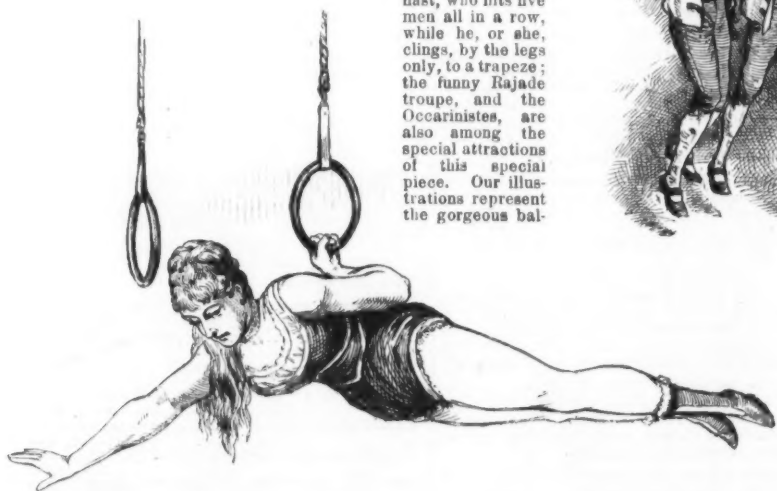
wondrous gymnast, who lifts five men all in a row, while he, or she, clings, by the legs only, to a trapeze; the funny Rajade troupe, and the Occaristes, are also among the special attractions of this special piece. Our illustrations represent the gorgeous bal-

let of Windmills, and Molva performing two of his, or her—some declare in favor of the gentler sex—remarkable feats of strength. One must see Molva in order to realize the extraordinary strength with which he, or she, is endowed. She—giving her the benefit of the doubt—inserts her lower limbs in two loops of rope attached to a

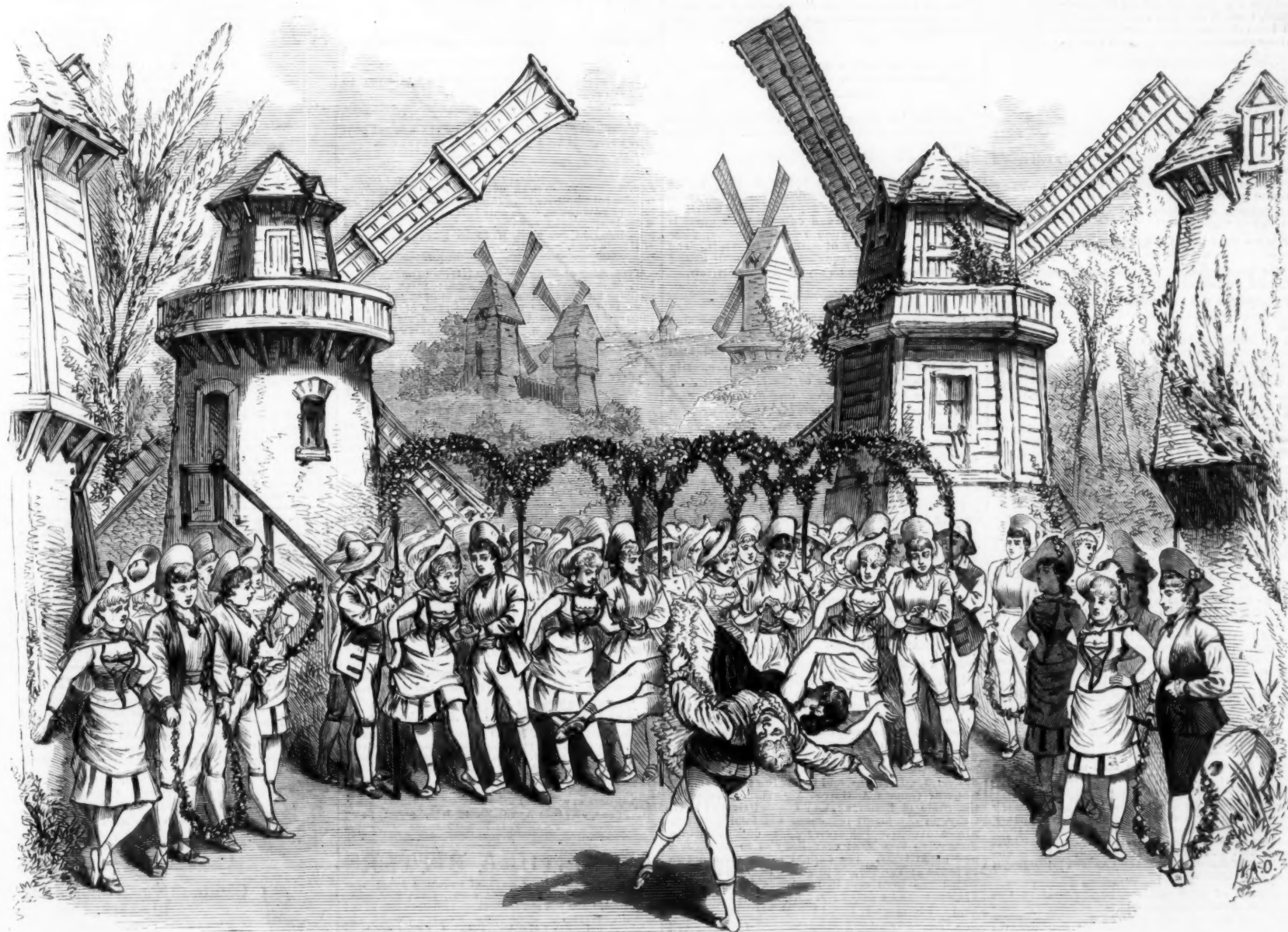
trapeze bar. Then, leaning downwards, she grasps two loops connected with a long pole, to which five men cling by their hands. At a given signal she lifts pole and men from the ground, the men dangling their legs in the air while she remains motionless above them. Again she seizes hold of a ring attached to a swinging rope, and by sheer muscular force draws herself upwards in a horizontal position until on a level with the ring, and apparently reclining in the air. "Enchantment" is bound to have the phenomenal run to which its gorgeous and varied programme so eminently entitles it.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE determination of Gordon Pasha to quit the Egyptian service will be most unfortunate for that country. During the last five years he has devoted himself, with scarcely a moment's respite and with but little European aid, to opening up the vast mines of wealth which he declares lie hidden in those little-known provinces. A few instances will suffice to show what a gigantic and apparently endless task this is. Since 1874 a tract of country larger than the Southern States of America has been mapped with tolerable accuracy. Over 3,000 miles of telegraph-lines has been constructed and are now working efficiently. The slave-trade has been suppressed, which alone has involved campaigns of months' duration and revolts of entire provinces. The postal service has been introduced, and a letter put in the New York Post Office, with a five-cent stamp and addressed to the remotest station on the Bahr-el-Gazal or Darfour, will reach its destination as surely as if addressed to Washington. The navigable rivers have been kept free from the "sand" or masses of vegetable matter which clog up all free passage and which formerly stopped up the Nile nearly as far north as Berber. The natives have been taught the use of money, so that provisions and goods can be purchased where but a short time before raids had to be made to procure food. A system of military stations has been established, and by the aid of imported Indian elephants the native African elephants have in several instances been trained to serve as beasts of burden, thus greatly diminishing the cost of transportation. Telephones have also been introduced at all available points in the Soudan and are of the most inconceivable service in quickly dispatching business. Plans for a station and light.



MOLVA, THE CELEBRATED GYMNAST, ON THE TRAPEZE RINGS.



THE BALLET A LA WATTEAU IN THE PLAIN OF WINDMILLS.

NEW YORK.—THE FALL AMUSEMENT SEASON—NEW GRAND SPECTACLE, "ENCHANTMENT," NOW BEING PERFORMED AT NIBLO'S GARDEN.

house on Cape Gardafui, where so many steamers entering the Red Sea from India have lately been wrecked, have been carefully prepared. These are but a few of the achievements which are to be credited to Gordon Pasha's rule in the Soudan. But the completion of his work will require a great deal of money, and this Egypt cannot supply. He strongly urges that private enterprise should step in and carry out the projects he has commenced. In a recent interview he said: "An English company should establish their trading-posts from Zanzibar, and an American company should do the same, proceeding up the Congo. In the use of thoroughly experienced hands an outlay of £10,000 would lead to the most surprising results, and more could be most advantageously placed afterwards."

An Experiment in Opium-smoking.

OPICM-SMOKING, it seems, falls far short, after all, of those many delights which it is popularly supposed to afford. One Herr Macley, in the course of a stay at Hong-kong, has made an experiment upon his own body which should be considered pretty conclusive. After fasting 18 hours, he smoked 27 pipes, holding in all 107 grains of the opium used by the Chinese. It is interesting to know that after the third pipe he ceased to feel hungry; that the fifth left him unable to walk about comfortably; the seventh brought his pulse down from 80 to 70; the twelfth caused singing in the ears, and the thirteenth a hearty fit of laughter. Twenty-five pipes affected his hearing, but within an hour after the trial, which had only lasted about 160 minutes, he was able to walk home and go to bed, where he slept so soundly as to wake up fairly fresh and hungry next morning. The point especially to be noted is that during the whole experiment he had no dreams or hallucinations of any sort whatever. Opium-smoking is, accordingly, a failure in this respect. It does not even equal the study of politics as a producer of illusions.

The Russian Peasantry.

In an article on the Russian peasantry, the *Motva* observes that the chief peasant in a village sometimes has more power than any man in the empire except the Czar. He has the power, for instance, of ordering a culprit to be flogged—a right which is denied by law to any other public functionary or citizen in the empire. Further, a majority of the peasants in a commune can sentence one of their number to be beaten with sticks, and there is no appeal against the sentence. It is true that women may no longer be flogged, and that a maximum number of blows which may be inflicted on a man is twenty, while formerly men were sometimes beaten to death by order of the commune; but the commune can still sentence a man to banishment to Siberia for life. This sentence has been passed for such petty offenses as stealing a handkerchief or a little honey, or opening a brandy shop without the permission of the commune. In the Government of Samara a man was sentenced to be banished, together with his family. Shortly after, however, the Senate, to whom the case was referred, decided that the man should be permitted to remain in his village, on the ground that his health would not permit of his going to Siberia. The case of the man's wife, however, was not considered, and the sentence was carried out so far as she was concerned, though she was innocent of any crime, and had been directed to go to Siberia merely in order that she should not be separated from her husband.

FUN.

SURE of their crops—Hons.

THERE are several kings in Europe who are total rex.

VELOCIPEDISTS resemble the ages—they roll along by-cycles.

THERE is an epidemic among the Afghans. They continue to break out.

SUSPENDED animation—The small boy with his first pair of "galluses."

It is no sign because a farmer is growing sage that he is becoming wise.

"His profession! What is his profession?"—"Madam, he pedals music."

WE presume the axle-trees of railroad-car wheels are called journals because of their rapid circulation.

It is rather forcing the season, but a young lady remarks that the ring of skates upon the frozen lake is tune for anything.

"WHEN did the human race begin?" The chances are that it got a start when Adam and Eve were walked out of the garden.

A DETROIT restaurant keeper hangs out a sign of "Free Chops," and when old loafers come around he shows them an ax and a woodpile.

THE words, "majolica jar," are pronounced "ma-yo-lee-yar," by persons of culture, and with such an accent as would be given by a mouth talking while holding hot mush.

"THE melancholy days have come"—beg pardon, "the sawdust of the year"—to the schoolboy who has to tackle the woodpile when all the rest of the fellows are playing marbles—"for keeps."

"OUT OF SIGHT AND OUT OF MIND."—*Unhappy Mother*: "If you children make such a noise I shall go out of my mind." *Young Rip*: "Go on, mother; I'll mind the young 'uns while you're gone."

Z., the painter, is drunk from night until morning. He drinks everywhere and everything. "Poor boy," says the tender-hearted Monselet, "he was disappointed in love. It was a great blow to him, and he drinks to drown his grief." "It seems, then," says some one, "that his grief knows how to swim!"

"IS THERE a letter here in a scented envelope for my wife?" he asked the postmaster, while the green fire from his eyes made the office look like a leafy forest. "Yes, sir," answered the P. M., as he handed it out. The jealous man tore it open at once when he and behold! it was the milliner's bill for \$50. The end.

A CONTEMPORARY asks: "How shall woman carry their purses to frustrate the thieves?" Why, carry them empty. Nothing frustrates a thief more than to snatch a woman's purse, after following her half a mile, and then find that it contains nothing but a recipe for spiced peaches and a faded photograph of her grandmother.

A SCHOOL of poor children, having read in the Bible the denunciations against hypocrites who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," were afterwards examined by a benevolent patroness as to their recollections of the chapter. "What, in particular, was the sin of the Pharisees, children?" said the lady. "Aiding camels, my lady," was the prompt reply.

THESE are the days when the old gray-headed farmer comes into the printing-office with a corn stalk spiced until it measures eighteen feet in height, and then swears it was one of the smallest stalks in the field.

COACHMAN (to Minister of Finance, whom he has driven to the Treasury Department on the first day of that functionary's incumbency): "When does your Excellency desire to leave the Treasury?" Minister of Finance (abstractedly): "Never!"

AN Irishman applied to a lady, who had taken a cottage at Saratoga for the summer, for employment. "But, my good man," replied the lady, "I have brought my servants with me. I have nothing for you to do." "Ah, thin, ma'am, if ye only knew how little work it'd take to occupy me!"

OPENING THE NEW LINE.

A LARGE party of city and railroad officials from Philadelphia visited New York on Wednesday, October 8th, traveling via the new Bound Brook line, and occupied the day in sightseeing in and around the metropolis and its harbor. Among the excursionists were President Gowen, of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, General Fitz John Porter, F. A. Conly, J. E. Wooten, C. S. Hancock and many other prominent railroad officials. Following the banquet on the New Jersey Central's new steamer *Kill von Kull*, were several notable speeches, among others that of E. C. Knight, of the Bound Brook Road, who said that the two great roads now connecting New York and Philadelphia were fixed institutions, and should come together and assist in building up the country. There are twenty trains daily between the two cities, and where the traveler used to pay \$4 he can now have all the luxuries of travel for \$2. The business of the new line since the opening of its Ninth and Green Streets station in Philadelphia has increased very rapidly.

DR. PIERCE'S EXTRACT OF SMART-WEED is a compound fluid extract of smart-weed, or wa er-pepper, Jamaica ginger and other ingredients known to be efficacious in curing colic, diarrhoea, dysentery, blood-flux, and kindred affections. It also breaks up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks. Sold by druggists.

HEALTH is often impaired by the excessive use of tea or coffee. The strengthening qualities of BROMA or COCOA are known to the student, the invalid and to the hard worker the world over. To secure such in its greatest purity, ask your grocer for WALTER BAKER & CO.'S. This house has the highest reputation for its goods, dating back to 1780.

CUTICURA REMEDIES

Have done for me what hundreds of dollars spent on other remedies have failed to do, and I do not hesitate to recommend them as first-class articles. Yours truly, MARK BRANNAN. CARBONDALE, Pa., Dec. 20th, 1878.

MONEY MAKING.

MONEY.—For simplicity in money making in Wall Street, write CHAS. FOXWELL & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 115 Broadway, New York. By their new system it gives the \$10 to \$100 operator the same advantages as heretofore the \$1,000 or \$10,000 purchaser enjoyed.

HOP BITTERS purifies the blood, and removes all pimples and eruptions.

HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE—No gentleman's table should be set without it. A genuine relish.

FOREMOST among great hotels is New York's favorite, the ST. NICHOLAS, veteran in years and experience. In every department it is managed with consummate taste and care, and the guest is treated with an attention very noticeable, compared with the laxity of many of its rivals. The consequences of its unequalled accommodations and low rates are found in its crowded daily arrivals.

PREMATURE LOSS of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE. No other Compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair. It softens the hair when harsh and dry. It soothes the irritated scalp. It affords the richest lustre. It prevents the hair from falling out. It promotes its healthy, vigorous growth. It is not greasy nor sticky. It leaves no disagreeable odor. It kills dandruff.

The most durable and economical protective coating in the world for tin roofs, exposed brick walls, etc., is the ASBESTOS ROOF PAINT. H. W. JOHNS MANUFACTURING CO., 87 Maiden Lane, New York, sole manufacturers.

A KENTUCKY WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST RECEIVE FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF PRIZES.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE WORLD.]

LOUISVILLE, Ky., September 30th.—Notwithstanding the recent shooting of Colonel Clarke, President of the Louisville Jockey Club, on the last day of the races, which still continues one of the uppermost topics here, the chief subject of interest was the twelfth popular drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution Company, which took place here to-day at Macauley's Theatre in the presence of over 3,000 persons, and under the supervision of General Thomas A. Harris, Assistant Secretary of the State of Kentucky, and Colonel George E. H. Gray, an old, highly-respected and influential citizen of this city. The drawing was conducted in a manner that satisfied everybody as to its fairness and impartiality. The capital prizes were drawn as follows: The \$30,000 prize by ticket No. 22,555, which had been sold in Lawrenceburg, Ind.; the \$10,000 prize by ticket No. 28,434, which had been sold in Brownsville, Tex.; the \$5,000 prize by ticket No. 16,752, which had been sold in St. Louis. The ticket which drew the \$30,000 prize was purchased by letter only on the 25th inst., and in a batch of twenty-four tickets, through J. B. Stevens, of Lawrenceburg, Ind.

A PURE NATIVE WINE.

DR. R. T. UNDERHILL, who died in 1871, attained a national reputation as a vinticulturist and wine maker. The finest varieties of foreign wines were imported, together with a skilled vintner, and the vineyards and cellars at Croton Point, on the Hudson, became the model for all American wine-makers. While sparing no pains nor expense in availing himself of the knowledge and experience of other wine-producing countries, Dr. Underhill aimed to produce a characteristic American wine, and his particular hobby was the production of a perfectly natural wine—the pure juice of the grape—neither drugged, liquored nor watered, which would commend itself to the medical profession and all others to whom perfect purity was of more importance than the gratification of a palate which might have been educated to the flavor and characteristics of some particular variety of imported wine. How well he succeeded among the older residents of New York know, and at the time of his death, in 1871, he had established a large business, and had accumulated in the three spacious vaults at Croton Point a large reserve stock of wine from the vineyards of 1860 to 1870.

In addition to being generally known to the medical profession, many of whom prescribe this wine where a pure, natural stimulant of moderate alcoholic strength is required, we respectfully submit the following extracts from among the many flattering press notices which have been received:

From the *Evening Post*.

"Dr. Underhill made a study of the subject of vineyards, and aimed to produce a wine which should be the pure juice of the grape—neither drugged, liquored nor watered—and which could be depended upon where purity was requisite."

From the *Journal of Commerce*.

"There can be no question in regard to the absolute purity of these products of the vine; and those who wish to purchase, either for the sick room or for sacramental purposes, may be sure of obtaining the unadulterated juice of the grape."

From the *New York Tribune*.

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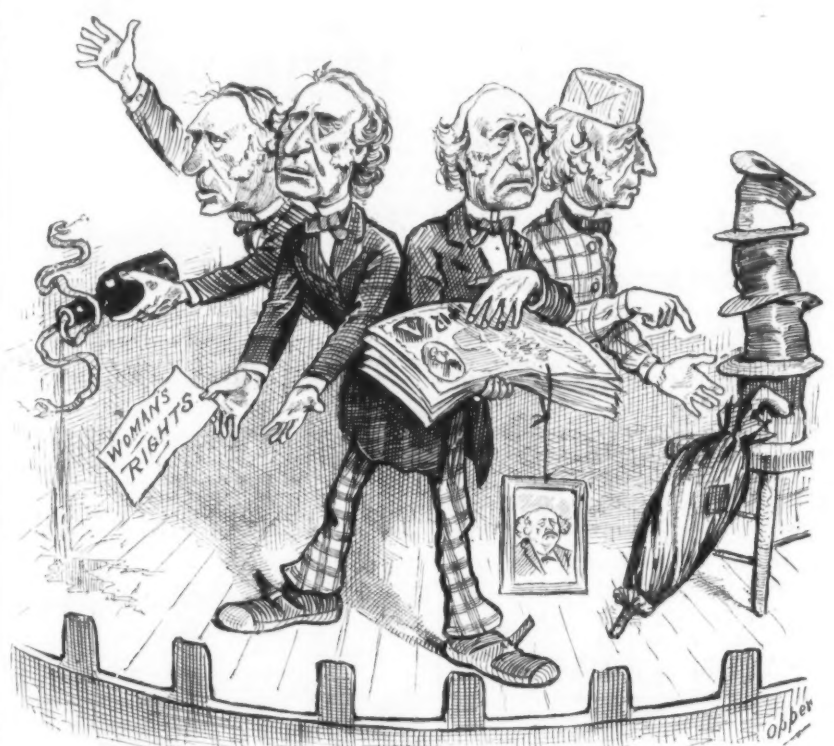
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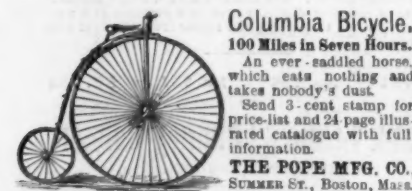
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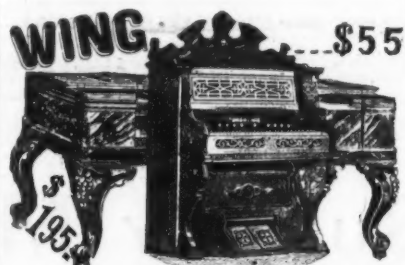
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